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(JAMES HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.)

REVIEWS

The Mabinogion, from the Llyfr Coch o Hergest and other Ancient Welsh Manuscripts; with an English Translation and Notes. By Lady Charlotte Guest. Part I. The Lady of the Fountain. Longman & Co.

The publication of the Llyfr Coch o Hergest, or Red Book of Hergest,—a MS. so long known to Welsh Antiquaries,—was rather to be hoped for than expected. If such a book could add little to our historical knowledge, it would undoubtedly enlarge our acquaintance with Welsh manners during the middle ages, and assist us in tracing a subject the most curious, and one that has for some time occupied the attention of English, French, and German scholars, viz. the origin and progress of romantic fiction in Europe. Hence the anxiety which for near a century has prevailed in respect to this Mabinogion, or series of legendary tales. Its publication was requested by most of learned Europe; at various times some Welsh antiquary arose to express his regret that it had not been published, combined with the hope, and indeed the belief, that it soon would be; and a few went so far as to promise that it soon should be. Years rolled away, but no Mabinogion. The booksellers were not ready to embark in a speculation which, however curious, was not likely to be successful; and Welsh gentlemen were too fond of their money to expend it on such an enterprise. Even societies, learned bodies, only promised to supply the desideratum. It must evidently be drawn from the moths and worms, and put into an imperishable shape, by some public-spirited individual. When the Cymreigyddion, from the difficulties in the way, (a whole nation find difficulties in translating and publishing what might easily be compressed into a couple of quartos!) and from past disappointments, were about to abandon the enterprise, Lady Charlotte Guest at once declared that she would both translate the book and publish it at her own expense. In conformity with that promise, the first part of the Mabinogion, comprising the *Yfyllenau*, or Lady of the Fountain, is now before us. It is to be followed by the other stories, edited and illustrated in the same manner as the present one.

The foundation of this legend is the same with that of *Ywaine and Gawin*, which Ritson published in his 'Ancient English Metrical Romances.' But the English romance was evidently taken from a source still more ancient—from the *Chevalier au Lion* of Chrestien de Troyes, who died about the year 1191. Though the French romance still remained in MS., extracts from it had frequently been made, and subsequently the Abbé de la Rue published an analysis of it in his *Essais Historiques sur les Bardes*, &c. (*Athen.* Nos. 420, 425, 426.) Hence there could be no difficulty in assigning the English poem to the French original. But was the latter version original? was not it also derived from some more ancient source? That the Germans had the legend, even in the days of Chrestien, was evident from the poem of Hartman von Owe, who was contemporary with him. Did Chrestien borrow from Hartman, or Hartman from Chrestien? or were both equally indebted to some more ancient source? Many have been the great names engaged in this controversy. The researches,

however, of the Abbé de la Rue, and the recent publication of so many French Romances, have changed what was hypothesis into fact, and have proved that the materials for this legend were known in Brittany long before either Chrestien de Troyes or Hartman von Owe. Thus Wace is before them. Yet Wace alludes to the Forest of Brechelian, near Quintin,—to the monster who guarded it, and the wild beasts subject to him—to the magic well, the basin, the storm, and the black knight who, when provoked, was sure to appear and fight the daring intruder. It would not readily be believed, had we not his own authority for it, that this grave ecclesiastic undertook, about the middle of the twelfth century, a journey to that celebrated forest, to see the wonders which traditional lore had so long recorded of the place. He found the forest, he examined the ground; but as to marvels, not one did he see; and, he adds, in sheer vexation, that he came back as great a fool as he went. Hue de Mery, author of the *Tournament of Antichrist*, a poet of the thirteenth century, also tells us that the same curiosity led him to the place. He, however, is not so honest as Wace, or he is more of a wag, for he assures us that he did see the chapel, the fountain, the tree, the stone,—that he threw the water on the stone, that a dreadful storm arose, that a knight appeared, whom he fought; in short, that everything told of the place was true.

If, then, in the time of Wace,—a period antecedent to that of Chrestien and Hartman,—this legend was known to the Bretons, and the scene laid in Brittany,—if, for ages (and from Wace's language we may infer that ages had elapsed) both the tale and locality had been familiar to the Bretons, what are we to infer? What, but this,—that Chrestien and Hartman derived their legend from Brittany? For one part of this inference we have more than reason,—we have positive authority. Chrestien, indeed, acknowledges that he had derived from Breton lays the materials of his *Chevalier au Lion*; and he passes a high eulogium on the ardour with which that people composed lays in honour of celebrated men. So does Marie de France, a lady more deeply versed in the traditional lore of Brittany,—lore which in the thirteenth century she terms *mult viel*, or very old. We do not say with many antiquaries that this province is the cradle of romantic fiction in Europe. Much of it is doubtless derived from our island, and much also from some common source, perhaps before the origin of Christianity,—before the Romans perhaps were known in western Europe. There is indeed reason to believe that there once existed a vast body of Celtic lore, diffused wherever that race established itself,—in Spain and Germany, the same as in Gaul and Britain. When barbaric invasion and Roman conquest exiled portions of that race into less accessible regions,—into the forests of Brittany or the mountains of Wales,—its legendary fragments took refuge in the same strongholds, and were thus perpetuated from age to age. In these places the same spirit would linger that had once thrown its spell over the whole of Gaul, of Britain, of Celtic Europe. Every reader of the classic historians, from Cæsar to Gregory of Tours, and indeed much later than Gregory, knows the attachment of the Gauls to their ancient songs and their traditional lore.

If the order of the bards and of the story-tellers, were silenced in the rest of France after the sixth century, they still formed an uninterrupted chain in Armorica, as no doubt they did in this island. To them and their songs, allusion is made by Chaucer, by the writers of all our old romances, and by most of the Anglo-Norman writers, from the fourteenth up to the eleventh century. The poets of Brittany were, beyond all doubt, the legitimate descendants of the ancient Gaulish bards; beyond doubt there was no interruption of the tuneful art, from the Roman times to the fourteenth century. The succession of the order under different names has been abundantly proved by the Abbé de la Rue: we see the same heroes, the same duties, the same characteristics at every period; and we may prove that the same lore was common to Gaulish bards, to Breton makers of lays, and to Norman trouvères. Who, for example, were the nine priestesses whom Pomponius Mela places on an isle of the Seine,—an island, he it remembered, off the Breton coast? Who but the nine fairies of Breton superstition? They were Morgan and her eight sisters, whom the Britons of Wales place in one locality and the Britons of Armorica in another, both people, however, marvellously agreeing in the fundamental points of the legend. So dear were these ladies to the Bretons,—so indulgent were they sometimes thought to be to mortal love,—that the most considerable families of that province boasted of their descent from them. Such, according to Gervase of Tilbury, and other English writers, was the superstition in England; nor are there wanting authorities to define the conditions on which human heroes and lovely fairies married with one another.

Attractive as the general subject of romantic fiction undoubtedly is, we must not enter into it in this place, but revert to the particular story which has given rise to the preceding observations,—the Lady of the Fountain.

A glance at this curious relic of antiquity would show that it is more ancient by far than the corresponding portion of the *Chevalier au Lion*. It is brief, while the other is diffuse; it is rugged, while the other exhibits considerable refinement; it shows a state of society and of manners which never existed in Gaul, or even in Brittany. If it was ever known to the Bretons, it never had its origin among the people; it is of our island growth, or else both it and the Armorican legend, which Chrestien followed, and which was known in that province centuries before Chrestien, were derived from some common source—from the vast traditional stores of the Celts.

King Arthur, says this Welsh legend, was in his chamber at Caerlleon upon Usk, accompanied by several of his knights, and by Guenever, who, with several maidens, were plying their needles at the window. Being inclined to sleep, he advised his knights to tell stories, to eat and drink, while he indulged himself. Away went Sir Kai, the seneschal, to the mead cellar, and soon returned with a flagon of that glorious liquor, and several collops on iron skewers. Kynon, one of the number, at the request of the others, told a strange adventure, which had once in his life happened to himself. In his youth Sir Kynon had a bold spirit, and was fond of dangers. One day he chose his path through desert regions, reached a lovely valley, and, ascending

it, came near a castle very fair to look upon, though it stood in a most secluded situation. Two youths were shooting daggers from a bow; and farther on was a genteel looking man "with a beard newly shorn." Sir Kynon saluted the man, who returned the courtesy, and then both walked into the castle. Within the hall were twenty-four ladies, fairer than any maid ever seen in Britain: the least fair of them far exceeded Queen Gwenhwyvar. Six of them took off Sir Kynon's armour, and led away his horse; six more took his armour and cleaned it to wonderful brightness, by washing it in a vessel; six more looked after the table; while the last six put suitable habits upon him, and placed him on cushions. After he had washed in silver ewers, and wiped himself with linen, he sat down to table, together with the man, and such of the damsels as were not actually waiting. Never was anything so costly; never were meats or liquors so good. When the repast was half over, Sir Kynon and the man began to converse. What had brought him to the castle? Of course the quest of adventures. Did the man know of any one wonderful enough and dangerous enough for a valiant knight of Arthur's court? That he did; and one so dangerous that Sir Kynon would never undertake it,—at least, if he did, he would be the worse for it. The knight, who was resolute on the adventure, was all anxiety until he knew it. He was to rise early the next morning, to traverse the valley, to enter a wood, and turn to the right until he reached a mound of earth in a large sheltered glade. On that mound he would find a black giant, with one foot, and one eye in the middle of the forehead. The black man has an iron club, so heavy, that two men would have some work to lift it. "And he is not a comely man, but, on the contrary, he is exceedingly ill-favoured; and he is the woodward of that wood." This monster would be found to hold complete dominion over a thousand wild animals grazing around him. When asked, he would point out to Sir Kynon what should next be done. The next morning the knight arose, went on his way, and found everything as had been described. Of a verity the black man was much larger, and more ugly, than he had been represented; and as for the club, why four men would hardly lift it. "How dost thou keep these wild beasts in order?" asked the knight. "I will show thee, little man," was the reply; and with his club he struck a stag a great blow, so that the animal brayed vehemently. Hearing the noise, the rest of the animals, "as numerous as the stars in the sky," came to the black man, who looked at them, and bade them go feed. Very obedient were these animals; "they bowed their heads, and did him homage, as vassals to their lord." But this was not the perilous adventure.

"Then the black man said to me, 'Seest thou now, little man, what power I hold over these animals?' Then I inquired of him the way; and he became very rough in his manner to me; however he asked me whither I would go. And when I had told him who I was, and what I sought, he directed me. 'Take,' said he, 'that path that leads towards the head of the glade, and ascend the wooded steep, until thou comest to its summit; and there thou wilt find an open space, like to a large valley, and in the midst of it a tall tree, whose branches are greener than the greenest pine trees. Under this tree is a fountain, and by the side of the fountain, a marble slab; and on the marble slab, a silver bowl, attached by a chain of silver, so that it may not be carried away. Take the bowl, and throw a bowlful of water upon the slab, and thou wilt hear a mighty peal of thunder; so that thou wilt think that heaven and earth are trembling with its fury. With the thunder there will come a shower so severe, that it will be scarce possible for thee to endure it and live. And the shower will be of hailstones. And after the shower, the weather will become fair; but every leaf that

was upon the tree will have been carried away by the shower. Then a flight of birds will come and alight upon the tree; and in thine own country thou didst never hear a strain so sweet, as that which they will sing. And at the moment thou art most delighted with the song of the birds, thou wilt hear a murmuring and complaining coming towards thee along the valley. And thou wilt see a knight upon a coal black horse, clothed in black velvet, and with a pennon of black linen upon his lance, and he will ride unto thee to encounter thee, with the utmost speed. If thou fleest from him he will overtake thee, and if thou abidest there, as sure as thou art a mounted knight, he will leave thee on foot. And if thou dost not find trouble in that adventure, thou needest not seek it during the rest of thy life."

On went Sir Kynon, and found everything as the woodward had said. He took the bowl, threw the water on the stone, and endured the storm, which was more dreadful than had been described. Had he not held the shield over his own head and the head of his horse, they must have died; for every hailstone went through skin, and flesh too, to the very bone. Then came the fine weather; then the ravishing music of the birds; and, lastly, the knight in black armour. In the battle which followed, Sir Kynon was thrown to the ground, utterly discomfited, and the champion rode away with his steed, the trophy of victory. As he returned through the wood, he was derided by the black man; but not by the ladies of the castle, who entertained him more courteously than before, and who, the next morning, supplied him with a palfrey, on which he returned to Arthur's court.

The relation of Sir Kynon was so heart-stirring, that Sir Owain determined to undertake the adventure. The very next morning he set out, followed the same path, and experienced the same adventures as Sir Kynon. The ladies of the castle were fairer and more courteous, the black woodward more huge and more ugly than the other knight had represented. But far different was the termination of the battle; for Sir Owain vanquished the black knight, gave him a mortal wound, and rode after him until he came to a fine castle. The wounded knight entered first, and Sir Owain followed, but with less success; for while he was on the draw-bridge, the portcullis fell, and cut off the hind legs of his horse, taking off, at the same time, the rowels of his spurs. There was the knight on half his horse, between two barriers, and unable to move one foot backwards or forwards. But through an aperture he saw a maiden, comely, and well habited, who came to him, gave him a ring which rendered him invisible, and led him into a large and beautiful chamber. Never was apartment more elegant; never was board more costly laid before a guest. Sir Owain ate, but suddenly he heard a doleful cry. "What is that?" "They are administering the extreme unction to the nobleman who owns the castle." In the middle of the night there was the same wailing; and in reply to his inquiry, the maiden told him that the nobleman was dead. In the morning there was another burst of lamentation,—the dead nobleman was going to be buried. Arising from his couch, he opened a window, and saw a goodly cavalcade, with many ladies,—never was so rich a funeral seen. The grief of all was excessive; that of a lady, who wept, and sobbed, and tore her hair, was greatest of all; she was the widow. Sir Owain stared, admired her, and was soon in love with her. This was the Lady of the Fountain. "Verily," said he to the maiden, "she is the woman that I love best." "Verily," replied the damsel, who was one of the most accommodating creatures in the world, "she shall also love thee not a little." In his present plight, however, he was not fit to appear before ladies of high rank; so the fair

abigail shaved his beard, washed him, wiped him laid him on a couch, and told him to be quiet while she went "to woo" for him. Luned—for that was her name—went to the Countess, who was all sorrow. Why hast thou not come to comfort me before now? inquired the lady. What would have been the use? was the reply. Is not thy husband dead? And will thy mourning bring him back to life? "There never was such a man," cried the Countess. Luned replied that the ugliest living man was better than an dead one. To be brief, Luned was dispatched for Sir Owain:—

"Right glad was the Countess of their coming. And she gazed steadfastly upon Owain, and said, 'Luned, this knight has not the look of a traveller.' 'What harm is there in that, Lady?' said Luned. 'I am certain,' said the Countess, 'that no other man than this, chased the soul from the body of my lord.' 'So much the better for thee, Lady,' said Luned, 'for had he not been stronger than thy lord, he could not have deprived him of life. There is no remedy for that which is past, be it as it may.' 'Go back to thine abode,' said the Countess, 'and I will take counsel.'

"The next day, the Countess caused all her subjects to assemble, and shewed them that her Eardom was left defenceless, and that it could not be protected but with horse and arms, and military skill. 'Therefore,' said she, 'this is what I offer for your choice; either let one of you take me, or give your consent for me to take a husband from elsewhere, defend my dominions.'

"So they came to the determination, that it was better that she should have permission to marry some one from elsewhere; and thereupon she sent for the Bishops, and Archbishops, to celebrate her nuptials with Owain. And the men of the Eardom did Owain homage.

"And Owain defended the Fountain with lance and sword. And this is the manner in which he defended it. Whosoever a knight came there, he overthrew him, and sold him for his full worth. And what he thus gained, he divided among his Barons and his Knights; and no man in the whole world could be more beloved than he was by his subjects. And it was thus for the space of three years."

All this is well related; but it is far inferior in merit to the English version published by Ritson, which is more ample, as well as more imaginative. In the latter, it is Sir Colgrevaun who leaves Arthur's court in quest of the adventure. He reaches the fair castle, is courteously entertained for one night, and the next morning he travels on until he comes to the wild beast and their wild keeper, who is called—

The fowlest wight,

That ever yit man saw in light.

He had an enormous head; his forehead was broader than "a twa large span":—

His face was ful brade and flat,
His nose was cutted als a cat;
His browes war like lifel buskes,
And his tethe like bare tuskes,
A ful grete bulge upon his bak;
There was noght made withouten lac,
His chin was fast until his brest.

That this version is taken from the French one of Chrestien de Troyes,—if, indeed, Chrestien be the author of the *Chevalier au Lion*, and not from the Welsh legend, is evident from two or three circumstances. In neither the French nor the English version, have we any mention of the twenty-four maidens who entertained the knight at "the fair castle." In the second, the following description of the woodward has evidently given rise to the English one:—

Un vilein qui ressembloit mor,
Grant et dydens a' desmesure.
Isai tres laide creature
Qu' on ne porroit dire de bouche,
Si se sovait sur un coche,
Une grant maque en sa mai.
Je m' aprochai vers le vilein
Si vi qu'il ot grosse la teste,
Plus que toiaux ne autre beste.

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Lady Guest, we are sorry to say, has not edited this *French* poem well. She has inserted all the contributions just as she found them; and has given no points, except a period at the end of each line, whether the sense requires one or not. No doubt she has followed her manuscript; but we expect more from an editor in these days. She should not only have given us the text, free from contractions, and properly punctuated, but a glossary of such words as have long ceased to be used. We have corrected—a very easy task—the preceding lines.

We shall await, with some anxiety, the appearance of the other stories composing the *Mabinogion*. Some of them, we hope, will throw light on the ancient mythology of Wales,—on that mysterious religion which the Druids taught, and of which they were the bloody ministers. Long after Christianity had thrown its light into the dark valleys of the country, Druidism remained,—not, indeed, so visible as before. If she was exiled from public places, she had still her throne in the caverns of Wales. Lady Guest is well fitted for the task she has imposed on herself. Her translation is a good one,—clear, simple,—preserving much of the quaintness so apparent in the original. Of her general reading, the notes bear evidence enough. It is impossible to praise too highly either her editorial labours or her generosity.

Cutch; or, Random Sketches of Western India.
By Mrs. Postans. Smith & Elder.

A more instructive and entertaining work than the volume with this unpretending title, it has not been our fortune to meet for a long time. At a period when so many circumstances combine to fix attention on the north-western frontiers of our Indian possessions—when statesmen are filled with anxiety by the war in Afghanistan, and the uncertain destinies of the kingdom of Lahore, which will probably be rent in pieces on the death of Runjet Singh—when our capitalists are speculating on establishing steam navigation on the Indus, and when our merchants and manufacturers look earnestly for the extension of cotton produce in India, to supply the not impossible failure of the American crops,—Cutch, the outpost of our empire, containing coal-beds of good promise, and the plains of which seem better suited for the extensive cultivation of cotton than any other part of India, assumes an interest and importance that would render any description of it a welcome boon. Under any circumstances, Mrs. Postans' Sketches would have afforded gratification; she resided many years in Cutch, she enjoyed unusual opportunities of becoming acquainted with the domestic manners of the various castes, and she possesses all the acquirements necessary for turning those opportunities to the best advantage. Readiness in seizing characteristic traits, skill in delineating manners, and a freedom from affectation, mark every page, while the occasional reflections display sound common sense. Before entering on any examination of this volume, it may be well to describe the geographical position of Cutch, as it is the least known of our Indian dependencies.

Cutch is situated between the sixty-eighth and seventy-second degrees of east longitude, and the twenty-second and twenty-fourth degrees of north latitude; its extreme length is about 165 miles from east to west; its breadth, from north to south, is fifty-two miles at the widest part, and only fifteen at the narrowest. The part of the Indian Ocean, called the Gulph of Cutch, bounds it on the south; the coast is indented with many creeks and bays, which generally afford safe anchorage; the Ranees, or eastern branch of the Indus, forms its western frontier; on the north

and east it is nearly surrounded by the extensive salt marshes called the Northern Runn, which are flooded from May to October, and are scarcely passable during the rest of the year, on account of the great glare produced by the incrustations of salt, the intervention of swamps, and the difficulty of procuring wholesome water. The appearance of this district is thus described by Mrs. Postans:—

"The distant aspect of the Runn resembles that of the ocean at ebb tide; and as some water always remains on it, the refraction of light produces the most beautiful and mysterious effects, decorating it with all the enchantments of the most lovely specimens of mirage, whose magic power, exerting itself on the morning mists, induces this desert tract with the most bewitching scenes: rock, and hill, and tower; palmy hillocks, clumps of rich foliage, turreted castles, and gothic arches, alike appear in quick succession, to charm and beguile the traveller; and

The wayworn spirit hath a gleam
Of sunny vales and woods;

until, again slowly dissolving in the thin ether from which their fantastic forms emerged, they cheat him with their fair delusions, and pass away like a dream of fairy land.

"There are several islands on the Runn, and a bright oasis of grassy land, known by the unromantic name of the Bunnī. Thither, in patriarchal style, the shepherds take their flocks, and lead a sunny pastoral life, although surrounded by a desert marsh."

Cutch is governed by an aristocracy called the Jharrehahs, not unlike the feudal nobility of the Middle Ages, and the authority of the Rao over his chiefs does not exceed that of an ancient Suzerain over his turbulent barons. There are about 250 Jharrehah chiefs in Cutch; they hold their lands in fee from the Rao, for services performed by them or their ancestors, or for relationship to his family; they are termed the *Bhyand*, or brotherhood, of the Rao, and are his hereditary advisers; though they rank as Rajpoots in the Hindū castes, they show equal reverence for the Mohammedan and Brahminical religions; this is explained by the legend of their origin, which is probably an historical fact:—

"The Rajpoot Jharrehahs derive their name from Jharrah, a Mahomedan of rank, who, coming to Cutch, which was at that time inhabited by pastoral tribes, became enslaved by the loveliness of a fair Hindu, whom he married. After his death, his young widow was expelled from his family at the instance of his Mahomedan wives; and, like another Hagar, she departed, with her infant son, to seek refuge from the more merciful. Her son grew; he took unto himself wives of the daughters of the land; and his descendants established themselves in independence, taking the title of Jharrehahs. In time, the chief of this tribe assumed the title of Jam, and held it for many years, until expelled from Cutch into Kattivar, by the fiat of the celebrated Emperor Akbar. It is, therefore, difficult to decide, whether the Jharrehahs should be classed as Hindus or Moslems; more particularly as the Rao, who is the head of the Bhyand, pays reverence to both modes of worship; and the 'Order of the Fish' was bestowed on the early princes of Cutch by the Emperor of Delhi, on their pledging themselves to defray the expenses of all pilgrims travelling to Mecca. The Hindus also form family connexions with the Moslems. * * It would appear, then, that the Cutch Jharrehah shares the proportions of his divided faith, according to the origin of his ancestry. He believes in the Koran, worships saints, swears by Allah, and lives in Mahomedan style: the worship of Vishnu is, however, skilfully mingled with all this, and the whole forms a curious *mélange* of religious faith."

On the birth of a male child in the family of the Rao, a portion of the royal domains is assigned to him and his successors; the same custom exists in the families of the nobles, whose lands are subdivided for the benefit of their relations, and thus every chief is surrounded by a *Bhyand* or brotherhood like the Rao. As this system would soon parcel out the estates into a multi-

tude of small segments, the inhuman practice of infanticide has been introduced as a check. But this barbarity extends in a far greater degree to female than to male children. Celibacy in India is regarded as a crime; intermarriage in a tribe is deemed incest; according to the law of caste, a Rajpoot can only wed a daughter of the tribe below him, and give a daughter to the tribe above him, but as the Jharrehahs acknowledge no tribe above them, there is no alternative between what they deem disgrace and destroying the life of their female offspring. The mode in which the crime is perpetrated, is by the nurses applying opium to the breasts of the mothers, and the infants thus sink into the sleep of death. Mrs. Postans adds, what Dr. Burnes and Colonel Pottinger confirm, that the Rajpoot wives are more tenacious of this barbarous custom than their husbands. The British government entered into a treaty for the abolition of this practice, and agreed in turn to respect the prejudices of the Hindūs, and prohibit the slaughter of the ox or cow in the province; the agreement has been held sacred on our part, but there is too much reason to fear that infanticide has been little, if at all, abated:—

"It is wholly impossible to institute strict inquiries into the domestic affairs of a Jharrehah's family; their women are secluded, and the harem's privacy is inviolable. According to the terms of the treaty, the Jharrehahs are bound to return a yearly census of their tribe; but we have no means of ascertaining its truth, and the male population so far exceeds the female, that no doubt can exist, but that these murders are still common. It has been calculated, that there was annually in this province a destruction of one thousand lives, and that amongst eight thousand Jharrehahs, the number of their women did not exceed thirty. This very small number were preserved, some by accident, and some by the Jharrehah believers in Vishnu."

Suttees, or self-immolation of widows, is practised in Cutch, for though protected by the British, it is under native government, and independent of our control. Mrs. Postans says:—

"I remember, while at Mandavie, once having seen three women arrive, after a seventeen days' voyage from Bombay, for the purpose of performing Suttee; and under peculiar circumstances, they are permitted to do so, without the presence of the husband's body: according to the Puranas, 'if the husband die on a journey, or in a distant country, the widow, holding his sandals to her breast, may pass into the flames.' One of these women had come to perform Suttee for her son, whom she stated to have been her husband in a former birth. This woman, who was advanced in years, went by on an open cart, triumphantly bearing a branch of the sacred Tulsi, and surrounded by almost the whole population of Mandavie. I was not present at the ceremony, which took place at a distance of ten miles; but was afterwards assured, that the three widows became Sadhwies, with unshaken fortitude."

The condition of the Hindū women during life is not such as to render the prospect of death very formidable. Mrs. Postans visited the Harem of the Rao, and though that prince has had the benefit of an English education, and is more enlightened than the great majority of Hindū princes, she found the Ranees in the same wretched condition as other victims of oriental seclusion:—

"The young Ranees, the present Rao's wives, were seated together on a mat in a remote corner of the verandah, decked in all their finery; but the poor girls, abashed and timid, sat huddled together, afraid to be seen, yet every moment whispering to each other, with a half suppressed giggle; now and then stealing a glance at me through their long eye-lashes, but turning their eyes away the instant the gesture was observed, and hiding their pretty faces in the laps of their companions. By degrees, however, they gained courage; gave me their trinkets to admire; asked me a variety of trifling questions; insisted on handling all the ornaments I wore, and

would, I believe, have fairly undressed me, had I not avoided any further familiarity, by re-commencing a conversation with the fascinating queen mother. The situation of the Rances interested me deeply. I was pleased with their amiability, but felt sincere commiseration for their degraded, useless, and demoralizing condition. These poor girls are permitted the free association of numerous beings of their own sex, all equally ignorant, and many of them far more evil in their nature."

In the lower ranks the life of the Cutchee women is more varied, but also more wretched:

"Notwithstanding the delicacy of her appearance, a Cutchee woman is capable of great exertion, and she pursues the fatiguing routine of daily duty without a murmur or discontent. At early dawn she grinds the corn for family consumption, collects the materials for firing, cleans the cooking utensils, and sweeps out the dwelling. Then, with probably a tier of three water-vessels on her head, an infant seated on one hip, which she supports with her arm passed round its body, and an elder child clinging to her skirts, she walks to the nearest well, or tank, returns with the water, cooks the family meal, and sits down to her spinning-wheel. After this, she again goes to the tank to wash herself and her clothes. This, indeed, constitutes her sole amusement. Divested of her upper clothing, she sits in the water laughing and chatting to her neighbours, or trollying some simple ditty, as, with garments neatly tucked around her, she beats her linen against a stone, or holds aloft her gaily coloured saree, to dry and warm in the sunny breeze."

But it would be unfair to dwell exclusively on the darker traits in the character of the natives of Cutch. They are a very ingenious people, excellent brass-founders, embroiderers, armourers, and cunning workmen in gold and silver. The singular beauty of their goldsmith's works appears wonderful when we consider the rudeness of their implements.

"The workmen have few tools, and those they have are of the most primitive description. Thus, in embossing a cup, or snuff-box, which when finished, displays a graceful garlanding of the most delicate flowers, with minute leaves, tendrils, and stems connecting them, the workman forms a large lump of lac found a wooden handle in the form desired, and, having moulded the silver on it, punches it out, in the pattern he requires it to be, by means of a little rough awl, apparently more calculated to mar, than to perfect, the tasteful elegance of the artist's design. The execution of work under these disadvantages is necessarily tedious; but its exactness and beauty must proportionally raise our admiration of the manual dexterity of the native artisan."

Mrs. Postans attributes the excellence of the Cutch artists to their skill in imitation. Many curious anecdotes are related of the mimetic propensities of the Hindú artisans: a friend of ours travelling in the upper provinces, tore his best coat, and, being at a distance from any town, darned it as well as he could. On reaching a station he employed a native tailor to make him a new garment, giving him the European coat as a pattern. The Hindú followed his model: when he brought home the coat it displayed all the grace and elegance of a London fit; but it had in addition the unseemly fissure, with every stitch of the amateur darning copied with the minutest fidelity. This imitative peculiarity is strangely displayed in the palace of Mandavie:

"The most strikingly curious object in the city, is a large and well-built palace, most grotesquely ornamented by a variety of carvings, of dancing girls, tigers, and roystering-looking Dutch knaves; each of the men holding a bottle and glass, with a somewhat drunken, but most winning grace. The interior as well as the exterior displays much rich and beautiful carving; but the taste of the designs is evidently European, which seems explained by the story, that the architect, Ram Sing, having been as a child stolen from some part of the Kattywar coast by pirates, was taken by them to Holland, where he became initiated into a knowledge of the fine arts, and returned to decorate his native land."

Traces of Ram Sing's architectural and pictorial skill are also to be found in the royal residence at Bhoja; to his taste must be attributed the singular decorations of the principal apartment:—

"The hall which encloses this singular apartment, is ornamented by a succession of pillars, pier-glasses, and pictures in rich and massy frames. The floor is remarkably unpleasant to walk on, being inlaid with a sort of small Dutch tile. The roof and pillars are decorated with rich gold mouldings, and other ornaments, much too faded to afford material for description; and the small compartments between them are supplied with fittings of triangularly shaped looking-glass. The pictures, which nearly cover the walls, are either horrible copies, or the worst possible prints, from the old English and Dutch masters. Amongst them are, Hogarth's 'Rake's Progress,'—sundry portraits of Lady Carteret, in stomacher and *toupée*—with here and there a dismal-looking shepherdess, or a snuff-coloured *belle* of the Rao's own family, executed by a Chinese artist."

This propensity to imitation might be made the means of improving the physical resources of Cutch, and raising the moral character of its inhabitants. Mrs. Postans considers it not Utopian "to hope that in a few years, English agriculturists may be induced to apply for grants of land, under the native princes, and introduce an improved system of farming into our Indian provinces." The plough and the threshing machine are valuable missionaries of civilization, and would prove useful auxiliaries to the missionaries of Christianity:—

"In the desired object of converting the Hindus to Christianity, we should, I think, end where we now begin. Our efforts at present are made by teaching the people English, and by instructing them in the tenets of the Christian religion, which they must either disbelieve and reject, or believe and adopt. If the latter, they must become outcasts from their tribe; and thus, from falling into disrespect and contempt amongst their countrymen, lose that influence over their minds, by which alone the object of general good could be attained."

The Bardic literature of Cutch is of a high order, and few wealthy natives are without a domestic story-teller and poet:—

"As provincial bards, Cutch possesses its Bhat and Dadics, whose profession it is to rehearse to the Jharrejah chiefs the warlike deeds of their ancestry, whose glory is thus embalmed in the exaggerated metaphor of ancient story, originally composed to exalt the fame of the warrior princes, and draw down a shower of their choicest favours. We were favoured with a visit from a celebrated Jharrejah bard, well learned in the early history of Cutch; he brought with him a volume of manuscript odes, written in the Guzerati dialect, the sole topic of which was royal panegyric. At our request, he sang several of them to his Sitarr, with a pleasing and melodious voice, and in conclusion afforded me an interesting explanation of his art."

Mrs. Postans has given several specimens of the legendary romances recited by these professional bards, some of which are beautiful.

The natural history and productions of Cutch are well described by our authoress. In her account of the wild ass Mrs. Postans seems perplexed by the statement of Herodotus that the Medes used the wild asses to draw their war-chariots: a similar observation is made by the Prophet Isaiah, and has puzzled many commentators. The explanation, however, is simple; the horses of western Asia were generally dark bay, those of the Medes, as Ælian informs us, were light duns, and, on account of their colour, were sometimes mistaken for a species of ass.

Our space will not allow us to notice the sects and superstitions of Cutch, though some of them, especially the snake worship, are interesting and curious. One example of the fantastic and painful penances imposed upon themselves by the Hindú devotees is too singular to be omitted:—

"A wretched fanatic, now in Bombay, took a little

slip of the Tulsi tree, planted it in a pot, placed it in the palm of his left hand, and held it above his head, in which position it has remained for five years. The Tulsi has grown a fine shrub; the muscles of the arm which support it have become rigid and shrunken; the nails of the fingers have grown out, and they curl spirally downwards to a great length; yet the wretched devotee sleeps, eats, drinks, and seems quite indifferent to his strange position, having lost his remembrance of pain in public applause."

Our connexion with Cutch, though not lucrative in a pecuniary point of view, has given us a valuable frontier position, particularly important in the present state of Eastern politics. It will ensure our command of the commerce of the Indus, should steam-navigation be found practicable on that river; it will enable us promptly to remedy the anarchy in which the death of Runjēt Singh is sure to involve Lahore, and most probably Sindh; defended by the river, the ocean, and the Runn, covered over with hill-forts and feudal castles, it can be easily rendered formidable to invaders, while it affords every facility for attack on the neighbouring states.

Lives of Eminent British Statesmen, Vol. VI. Oliver Cromwell. By John Forster, Esq. Longman & Co.

FROM the charge which we brought against most of Cromwell's biographers, that of passing over too carelessly the events of his early years, Mr. Forster is quite free; for we have never yet seen a biography in which every recorded incident has been so carefully collected: and this is done, too, with a minuteness, and picturesque effect, which is delightful. We see the "large old Gothic house" at Huntingdon, and the noble-minded mother of the Protector, with her "mouth so small and sweet, yet full and firm as the mouth of a hero," and "the large melancholy eyes," and even the "white satin hood;" and we see the rude, and wayward, yet melancholy boy, whose fancies were as incomprehensible to others as they were to himself.

Many of the anecdotes told of Cromwell are characteristic enough, when viewed in connexion with his after life; but still in none of them does he appear as the wondrous child, of whom all his neighbours would prophesy "great things." It was in his sudden impulses, his faith in dreams, his swiftly changing purposes alone, that "the boy was father to the man." The information brought by Mr. Forster to bear upon Cromwell's mental character, in this respect, is important. The schoolboy sees gigantic figures standing, even in the day-time, by his bed-side; the youth pursues his short course of profligacy with an earnestness which bears the semblance of madness. Then the profligate becomes Puritan, and his health gives way beneath the burthen of mental anguish. Again, after he returns from the short parliament of 1628, the too active mind preys upon itself: he has "strange phantasies about the cross," at Huntingdon; starts from his bed in wild horror, and wearies out Dr. Simcott with the "strange phantasies that made him believe he was then dying;" while his after paroxysms of mirth, so soon to be followed by the deepest mental depression, all prove how nearly the hypochondriasm of Cromwell trembled on the verge of insanity. Surely, so important a fact as this ought not to be overlooked in an estimate of the character of one, whose swiftly-changing feelings, whose alternations of weeping prayers and boisterous merriment, have been urged by the great majority of writers, as irrefragable proofs of consummate hypocrisy.

With his removal to the farm at St. Ives, a calmer interval arrived; but here, just on the eve of the great struggle, his "enemy," whom he dreaded far more than any foe he ever met in the field, again grappled with him. The

wrongs of his country, especially the persecutions of his religious brethren, are stated to have been the cause; and he who was, ere long, to stand forth as their great deliverer, lay helpless, and almost hopeless, surrounded by visions of gory heads, and scaffolds, and blood. From this melancholy state he, however, soon recovered, and recovered in time to become a member of the parliament in 1640,—a circumstance which must have gone far to prove to him the especial leading of Providence. In a curious letter addressed, in 1638, to his cousin, Mrs. St. John, he paints himself in the attitude of earnest, but patient expectation—he laments the unprofitableness of his past life, and adds, “if here I may honour my God, either by doing or suffering, I shall be glad. Truly, no poor creature hath more cause to *putte himselfe forth in the cause of his God than I.*”

From this period he seems to have watched and waited for a summons; and when, soon after, and previously to his return to parliament, he was called upon to aid his friends and neighbours in opposing the scheme for draining the fens, the work appeared “laid to his hand,” to use an expression well understood among his brethren; and anxiety well to employ “the single talent,” rather than self-advancement, seems, to us, to have led him to bend all his energies to the furtherance of that cause. We think Mr. Forster is inclined to view Cromwell as possessing a more extensive influence, at this time, than facts will warrant. He was, indeed, called “Lord of the Fens” by the *Mercurius Aulicus*, in 1643, when his name was known all over England; but when we find Hampden, in relation to this very subject, giving him the common-place character of “an active person, and one that would sit well at the mark,” can we possibly believe that the mighty energies of Cromwell’s mind were recognized even by his gifted cousin? Surely Sir Philip Warwick rather spoke the general feeling, when he said, “I believe he was extraordinarily designed for those extraordinary things, which he so soon after performed.” When Cromwell entered parliament, he still, as we have before remarked, appeared a mere active, conscientious member: he followed in the train of the more popular leaders, and he forbore to take a more leading part, not only because his powers were untried, but because his far-reaching, though enthusiastic mind found no point as yet whereon to settle. “I can tell you what I would not have,” was his emphatic answer to Sir Philip Warwick, “though I cannot tell you what I would.”

The next work to which he was called, was the raising and disciplining of his gallant troop, his Ironsides; and the account which he himself gave, years after, and when “Lord Protector of the United Kingdom and Ireland,” is so naive and characteristic, that it must always be read with interest:—
“I was,” he said, “a person that from my first employment was suddenly preferred and lifted up from lesser trusts to greater, from my first being a captain of a troop of horse, and I did labour (as well as I could) to discharge my trust, and God blessed me as it pleased him, and I did truly and plainly, and then in a way of foolish simplicity (as it was judged by very great and wise men, and good men too) desired to make my instruments to help me in this work; and I will deal plainly with you. I had a very worthy friend then, and he was a very noble person, and I know his memory was very grateful to all, Mr. John Hampden. At my first going out into this engagement (I saw) their men were beaten at every hand; I did indeed, and desired him that he would make some additions to my lord Essex’s army of some new regiments, and I told him I would be serviceable to him in bringing such men in as I thought had a spirit that would do something in the work. This is very true that I tell you, God knows I lie not: ‘Your troops,’ said I, ‘are most of them old decayed

serving men and topsters, and such kind of fellows, and said I, their troops are gentlemen’s sons, younger sons, and persons of quality; do you think that the spirits of such base and mean fellows will be ever able to encounter gentlemen, that have honour, and courage, and resolution in them?’—Truly, I presented him in this manner conscientiously, and truly I did tell him, you must get men of a spirit. And take it not ill what I say (I know you will not) of a spirit that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will go, or else I am sure you will be beaten still; I told him so, I did truly. He was a wise and worthy person, and he did think that I talked a good notion, but an impracticable one; truly I told him I could do somewhat in it; I did so; and truly I must needs say that to you, (impart it to what you please) I raised such men as had the fear of God before them, and made some conscience of what they did, and from that day forward, I must say to you, they were never beaten, and wherever they were engaged against the enemy they beat continually; and truly this is matter of praise to God, and it hath some instruction in it to own men that are religious and godly, and so many of them as are peaceably, and honestly, and quietly disposed to live within government, as will be subject to those Gospel rules of obeying magistrates, and living under authority.”

From this point we have already traced Cromwell’s career up to the period when he first became formidable to the Parliament; and at this point, Mr. Forster stops and remarks,—

“The difficulty which a friend of the principles of freedom and just government (which throughout sincerely actuated such men as Vane) has to encounter in deciding on the character of Cromwell, is this,—that up to the victories of Worcester and Dunbar it would be difficult to say in what respect he had sinned against those very principles, of which, on the sudden, he then declared himself the most deliberate foe. Was he in truth that compound he seemed to be of profound policy, and of the most wild and undisciplined rashness? When he went down to Westminster to play the military tyrant over the assembly which had given him power and assisted even him to greatness, did he really ‘not think to have done that?’ Was his tyranny the deliberate plot of a life—the rash impulse of a repented hour—or the result of sincerely wild and ungovernable fancies, which had rendered him at last, in his own mind, a selected instrument of destiny?”

In his endeavour to answer these questions, Mr. Forster has fallen into the common error of Cromwell’s biographers; he has not been sufficiently select in his evidence. What writer, in the present day, but would be censurable, if, in estimating the motives of Napoleon, he resorted to the falsehoods of Mr. Lewis Goldsmith, or the exaggerations of Peter Porcupine, and the Anti-jacobin; and yet, are not the biographers of Cromwell equally to blame when they press into their service Cowley, Clarendon, and the anonymous author of ‘Killing no Murder?’ How could writers so bitterly opposed to the subject of their remarks, form an impartial judgment? how, too, could men who never acted with Cromwell, who were never at any period admitted into his confidence, how could they authoritatively determine that he was a hypocrite? The two next authorities brought forward by Mr. Forster are equally open to exception. The first is Burnet, (and be it remembered, that he boldly charges Cromwell with being almost ignorant of Latin, although Beveridge expressly states that he conversed with him fluently in it,) and Burnet’s story is, that Sir Harbottle Grimston told him that Cromwell one day declared to some officers, that the army only could purge the House of Commons. Two officers brought this account to Sir Harbottle, who took them with him to the house; he there “diverted a debate that was then on foot, and charged Cromwell with the design of putting a force upon the house.” The officers came forward with their statement, and when they withdrew, “Cromwell fell down on his knees, and made a solemn prayer to God, attesting his innocence. * *

This he did with great vehemence, and many tears.” “It is strange,” says Mr. Forster, “that such a scene as this should have occurred, and left no trace on the journals of the House.” It is indeed; and it is yet more strange that none of the royalist writers should have seized upon this story, which, if true, must have been well known; but, alas for historical truth! if we seek her in Burnet. The next witness to Cromwell’s deep hypocrisy is Hollis, who charges him with fomenting the designs of the agitators, while he professed in the house, that “he would stick to the parliament.” But if Hollis be worthy of credence, we must also believe that Cromwell was a coward!! and actually fled from Marston Moor! for this he exultingly tells us as a fact. Surely such a witness is unworthy of refutation.

Now, if we turn to writers certainly better qualified from their situation to form a correct opinion of Cromwell’s character, and who, although unfriendly to him, still are willing to declare the truth, we shall find none of these charging him with gross and systematic hypocrisy. Mrs. Hutchinson, even while she accuses him of dissimulation, and of intriguing to bring round each party to his will, seems inclined rather to look upon him as one who having determined to pursue the path of ambition, found himself entangled in snares from which he could not escape, save by means which his better nature disapproved, than as a deliberate deceiver. Baxter, a royalist and a presbyterian, declares that “he meant honestly in the main, and was pious and conscionable in the main course of his life, until prosperity and success corrupted him.” As to the strange stories that in proof of his hypocrisy are told, of his boisterous sport with his officers, and then his kneeling down in earnest prayer; his solemn conference with Ludlow, from whence he started up to fling a cushion at his head; the long and wild fit of laughter into which he burst at Worcester field;—what were all these but exhibitions, though in a more subdued form, of that nervous excitability which in his younger years almost drove him to madness? His “plentiful tears,” too, may be traced to the same cause; although weeping in public was not and had never been considered an “unmanly weakness.” Villehardouin, valiant crusader though he were, with his five companions, “fell on their knees, and, with many tears,” entreated the aid of the Venetian States; Sir John of Hainault “wept right sorely” when Queen Isabel detailed her wrongs; the great Lord Cardinal, and Burghley, and all the great men of Elizabeth’s days, were guilty of that which has been charged as an especial proof of hypocrisy in Cromwell. Nay, in the parliament of 1628, many of the members are represented as bursting into “passionate floods of tears,” when debating on the miseries of the land.

But Cromwell loved “praying and silly preaching,” and psalm-singing; but did not Gustavus love the same? Religious exercises, too, were usual in every division of the parliament army, for the war was even more a war of religion than of politics. And in this respect we think both the army and Cromwell have been harshly judged. While many took up arms in this great contest, both for religion and liberty, the most enthusiastic, and they were the bravest soldiers, marched to the field comparatively indifferent to forms of civil government, but pledged to fight to the death for “a free gospel.” Such were Cromwell’s Ironsides, men unacquainted with classic story, men scarcely knowing the name of a republic, but men who knew and felt how galling was the yoke of ecclesiastical tyranny, and who having achieved religious freedom for their brethren, would not tamely yield their necks to the bondage of the Covenant. A curious picture it has always appeared to

us, to see men destitute of learning, advocating the broad principle of religious freedom so clearly and so boldly, while venerable professors, profound doctors, and men grown grey in colleges, listened with startled fear to the grand truth, that "religion requires no aid from the civil magistrate." Thus in the eyes of the army, the parliament was worthy of obedience only while it guarded this principle; and thus we find, that while it marched in triumph from victory to victory, even into Scotland, each dispatch of their leader which told its success, brought also solemn warning, urging them to "relieve the oppressed," "to grant liberty to tender consciences," and to "perfect the work of the Lord." The parliament soldiers were indeed the crusaders of the 17th century, possessing equal enthusiasm, equal, but better directed bravery, and pledged to a nobler cause. How characteristic is the whole battle of Dunbar:—

"On the night of the 2d, Cromwell held a council of war. Here various schemes were urged which showed the extremity more than ought else could. The propriety of embarking the foot, and striving to force a passage for the horse, was debated; but, the wind being boisterous, and the surf running high, the project was pronounced altogether inadmissible. It was next suggested, as a sort of forlorn hope, that a strong reconnaissance should be pushed a little before dawn, in the direction of the right; and that according to the result of this movement future operations should be guided. This masterly thought was of course the suggestion of Cromwell. He had, in the course of the afternoon, observed the Scottish general bring his main strength of horse and artillery towards his right wing, and, with the wonderful foresight that almost justified the inspiration attributed to him, he at once anticipated some false movement by which they might be able to 'attempt' the enemy. * *

"At three o'clock on the morning of the 3rd of September, Cromwell was examining closely with his glass every quarter of the enemy's position, with a view to the resolution he had taken. Suddenly he saw a column in motion down the southern pass, and, at the instant, tossing his arms in the air, exclaimed with phrenzied joy—*THE LORD HATH DELIVERED THEM INTO OUR HANDS!*

"He gave the word to his men, and the armies met midway between the hills and the sea, not far from Roxburgh-house. The word issued by Leslie was the 'Covenant'; that on the side of the parliamentarians was 'the Lord of Hosts.' The conflict, which began with the horse, was obstinate and bloody—a fierce and terrible dispute at the point of the sword. The first division of the English foot was overpowered and driven back, when Cromwell ordered up his own regiment, under lieutenant-colonel Goff, who made their way against all opposition. 'At the point of pike,' wrote Cromwell proudly, 'they did repel the stoutest regiment the enemy had there, merely with the courage the Lord was pleased to give; which *proved a great amazement* to the residue of their foot.' The cavalry followed up this advantage, charged the infantry who were already outflanked and deprived of their usual support, and carried confusion into the whole line. Hodgson says, 'one of the Scots brigades of foot would not yield, though at point of pike and butt-end of the musket, until a troop of our horse charged from the one end to the other of them, and so left them to the mercy of the foot.' In truth, after the right wing was broken, the Scots, to use the language of the same writer, 'routed one another,' and fell into the most shameful disorder. The cause of this was obvious enough. Their superiority of numbers had now changed from a gain to a grievous loss. Their front once broken, the fugitives, in rushing over the uneven ground, trampled down the men that would in other circumstances have supported them.

"A thick fog had hitherto enveloped the scene of action. It was just before the moment of victory, that the sun suddenly appeared upon the sea, and the voice of Cromwell was heard in the accent and with the manner of one indeed inspired—inspired by the thought of a triumph so mighty and resistless. Now *LET THE LORD ARISE AND HIS ENEMIES SHALL BE SCATTERED!*

"At this a shout broke forth from the English soldiers which seemed to rend the sky, and the rout of the enemy was complete and frightful. 'The horse, says Hodgson, fled what way they could get, ours pursued towards Haddington; and the General made a halt and sung the hundred and seventeenth psalm; and by the time they had done, their party was increased and advancing; the Scots ran and were no more heard of that fight. The commander of our army was busy in securing prisoners and the whole bag and baggage; and afterwards we returned to bless God in our tents like Isachar, for the great salvation afforded to us that day.'"

There is a dignity in the enthusiasm of Cromwell on this occasion, that bears its own witness to his sincerity; surely he felt himself the chosen leader, and believed with the firm assurance of faith, that his commission was from Heaven. The day after, the victor of Marston Moor, Naseby, and Dunbar, found leisure to write a simply affectionate letter to his "loving brother Richard Major," (the father-in-law of his son Richard,) in which, lightly passing over the particulars of his triumph, he continues, "my love to my deare sister, and all your family. Pray tell Doll, (his daughter-in-law,) that I do not forget her nor her little brat. I expect a plain letter from her;" while to his wife he writes, "although I have not much to say, yet I love to write to my deare, who is very much in my heart. * * My duty to my mother, my love to all the familie. Still pray for thine O. C." It is difficult to imagine that a man who had pursued a long course of hypocrisy could thus pour forth the overflowings of an affectionate heart. Mr. Forster has given several of Cromwell's letters, all marked by the same spirit of affectionate kindness, one of which, now for the first time published, we will insert:—

"The letter is dated 'the 13th of August, 1649, from aboard the John,' and runs thus. 'I could not satisfie myselfe to omit this opportunitye by my Sonn of writinge to you, especiallye there beinge soe late and great an occasion of acquaintinge you with the happy newes I received from L^{td} Gen^l Jones yesterday. The Marquis of Ormond besieged Dublin, with 19000 men or therabouts. 7000 Scotts and 3000 more were cominge to that worke. Jones issued out of Dublin wth 4000 foote and 1200 horse, hath routed his whole armie, killed about 4000 upon the place, and taken 2517 Prisoners about 300 Officers, some of great qualitie. This is an *astoundinge* mercie so great and seasonable, as indeed we are like them that dreamed. What can wee say? The Lord fill our souls with thankfulness that our mouths may bee full of his praise, and our lives too, and graunt wee neuer forgett his goodness to vs. These things seeme to strengthen our fayth and loue, against more difficult tymes. S^r pray for mee that I may walke worthy of the Lord in all that Hee hath called me unto. I have committed my Sonn to you, pray give him advise, I envye him not his cohtents, but I feare hee should be swallowed up of them. I would have him minde and understand businesse, reade a little historye, study the mathematicks, and cosmographie; these are good wth subordination to the things of God; better then idleness, or more outward worldly contents, theise fitt for publick services for w^{ch} a man is borne. Pardon this trouble, I am thus bould because I knowe you loue me as indeed I doe you, and yours. My loue to my deere Sister and my Cozen Ann your Daughter and all friends. I rest, S^r, youre louinge Brother, O. CROMWELL. Aug. 13th, 1649, from aboard the John. S^r, I desire you not to discomodate your selfe because of the monie due to mee, lett not that trouble you, your welfare is as mine, and therefore lett me knowe from tyme to tyme, what will conveniencye you in any forbearance, I shall answere you in itt, and bee readye to accomodate you, and therefore doe your other businesse, lett not this hinder."

The volume concludes, rather abruptly, at the battle of Worcester; that part of Cromwell's conduct, therefore, which Mr. Forster considers most censurable does not come under notice. Sufficient, however, we trust, has been said to warn the reader against too hastily build-

ing his opinion, either of Cromwell or his times, upon the "sandy foundations" of Clarendon or Burnet, or, indeed, nine-tenths of the historians who have set themselves to write the life of this misunderstood but wonderful man.

Excursions in the Mountains of Ronda and Granada. By Captain C. R. Scott. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn.

Captain Scott has collected in these volumes the reminiscences of several excursions made in the South of Spain while he was quartered at Gibraltar, and which were chiefly undertaken to relieve the tedious uniformity of an officer's life in that garrison. But as the hurried notes of such visits afforded scanty materials for two octavo volumes, he has supplied the deficiency by dissertations on the ancient geography of Andalusia, Carlist speculations on the political aspect of Spain, and legends of the French war, which have neither the probability of truth, nor the interest of romance. We are told by a high military authority,—the red-nosed lieutenant in the Tales of the Great St. Bernard,—that "Geography is not the science in which English soldiers excel: officers of the line leave the matter to the artillery, the artillery to the engineers, and the engineers to Providence." Captain Scott is by no means an exception to the rule, and we shall therefore leave his settling and unsettling the localities memorable in classical or Moorish history, to the usual fate of such dissertations, to be skipped by the readers for amusement, and rejected by the readers for instruction. We must dismiss the Captain's political speculations with even less ceremony: all the world has become heartily sick of the endless changes rung on popery, democracy, and the perils of education; and the very little interest at any time taken by the people of England in the present Spanish contest is quite exhausted. But the provinces severed by the chain of the northern Andalusian mountains from the rest of Spain, possess so many marked peculiarities, both in the country and the population, that even a careless visitor, which Captain Scott is not, could scarcely travel through it without adding to our stores of information. Most persons who would be disposed to extend their continental tours to the ancient kingdoms of the Moors are deterred by the countless anecdotes of robberies and assassinations related of this romantic and wild country; but Captain Scott, who has traversed Andalusia, including the kingdom of Granada, at all seasons and in all directions, never met one perilous adventure, and found very few of the throat-cutting stories, which were everywhere abundant, authenticated by facts:—

"The state of the country is such, that when a robbery actually is committed—and such crimes will be perpetrated in the best regulated countries—the traveller hears of it from so many different people, but related with such various attendant circumstances, and stated to have occurred in so many different places, that he naturally multiplies it into a dozen at least. It is in this way that foreigners, in general know but little of the language, and still less of the topography, of the country, become dupes to this system of deception, and adopt in consequence a most unfavourable opinion of Spanish honesty; regarding every fierce-looking fellow, with piercing black eyes, a three days' beard, and a long knife stuck in his sash, as a robber; and every Cross on the road side as the *memento mori* of some waylaid traveller. Whereas, in point of fact, if this mountainous and intricate tract were peopled by our own more highly educated and civilized countrymen, I fear—in spite of our vigilant and, it must be confessed, admirable police—we should be liable to have our pockets picked in a much less delicate and obtrusive manner, than is now practised in the streets of London.

"That robberies and murders have taken place in this part of Spain, and sometimes been attended

with most revolting cruelty, is most true; but they have almost always been perpetrated at a time that some unusual political excitement agitated the country, unnerving the arm of power, and even—as has often been the case—placing the civil authorities at the mercy of a ruffian band of undisciplined soldiers."

Ronda is the first object of interest to travellers who enter Spain through Gibraltar; its extraordinary position in the *Serrania de Ronda*, which seems like the roots of the mountain-ridge that traverses the Peninsula, and the peculiar character of the river Guadiaro, which waters its basin, never fail to strike a foreigner with wonder and awe:—

"The principal branch of this mountain stream takes its rise to the eastward of Ronda, amongst some curiously jagged and fantastic peaks, on which have most appropriately been bestowed the name of the 'Old Woman's Teeth,' (*Dientes de la Vieja*). Escaped from their fangs, the gurgling rivulet, increased by numerous tributary streams, directs its course more leisurely through the vale, winding its way amongst luxuriant vineyards, orchards, olive-grounds, and corn-fields, until it reaches the foot of the crag, on which, as has before been stated, stands the city of Ronda. Here it would appear that nature had, in early ages, presented a barrier to the further progress of the stream; as a rocky ledge stretches quite across the bed of this portion of the valley, and most probably, by damming up the waters poured down from the mountain ravines, formed a lake on its eastern side. But, gathering strength from resistance, the little mountain torrent eventually worked itself an outlet, and now rushes foaming through a deep, narrow chasm, leaping from precipice to precipice, until, the rocky barrier forced, it once more reaches a level country."

"On either side of the fearful chasm—or *Tajo*, as it is called in the language of the country—which the persevering torrent has thus worked in the rocky ledge, stands the city of Ronda; one portion of which, encircled by an old embattled wall, that overhangs the southern cliff of the fissure, is distinguished as the Old Town, and as the site of a Roman city; whilst the more widely spread buildings on the opposite bank bear the name of *El Mercadillo*, or New Town."

The view from the parapet of the bridge which spans this chasm is said to be "quite enchanting;" but Ronda owes its present prosperity not to the romance of its situation, but to its favourable position for smuggling. Its vicinity to Gibraltar and Cadiz, the intricacy of the paths between it and the Mediterranean shore, and the miserable state of the Spanish army and police, foster the contraband trade, especially as the country affords the same facilities for getting smuggled goods away from Ronda, as for bringing them to it. The bribery of the authorities employed in the preventive (?) service is apparently recognized by the Court of Madrid. Captain Scott informs us—

"It was no unusual thing to send regiments, that were very much in arrears of pay, to garrison the lines in front of Gibraltar; and so well was the reason of their being sent there understood, that sometimes they would take the settlement of accounts into their own hands. I recollect the regiment of *La Princesa* refusing—officers and men—to embark for Ceuta, because they had not been allowed to remain long enough before Gibraltar to pay themselves. The regiment was permitted to remain three months longer, and at the expiration of that time embarked perfectly satisfied: a rare instance of moderation."

From Ronda our traveller proceeded to Malaga, a place once familiar to the ears of British merchants, but whose trade has been all but annihilated by the suicidal policy of the Spanish government. Here is established one of the two royal manufactories which have the monopoly of supplying cigars and snuff for the whole of Spain. Captain Scott enters into a curious statistical calculation, to show that the supply scarcely exceeds one-tenth of the demand, and, consequently, that nine-tenths of the tobacco con-

sumed in Spain is smuggled. From Malaga our author went to Granada, by a picturesque route which led him to some of the places most memorable in the Moorish wars, particularly the castle of Alhambra, one of whose plaintive legends has been translated by Byron. Captain Scott's account of Granada and the Alhambra is inferior to Inglis's in interest and precision; his description of the Mezquita, or great mosque of Cordoba, is better, but the details of the edifice have been repeatedly given to the public. The episcopal palace of Cordoba contains portraits of all the prelates who have filled that see, and some of them are remarkable for quaint conceits, which could scarcely have been expected from such grave personages:—

"One old gentleman, who was not exalted to the episcopal see until he had attained a very advanced age, by way of giving a sarcastic reproof to his patron, had his portrait taken, with a grim figure of death placing a mitre on his head. Another painting represents death holding the mitre in one hand, whilst with the other he is directing a dart at his victim's breast; leaving us to infer, that the bishop died whilst the pope's diploma was yet on its way to him from Rome."

In this portion of his tour, Captain Scott had frequent occasion to notice the waning influence of the Romish clergy, but it is impossible to discover whether he deems the change pregnant with good or with evil. His dislike of liberalism neutralizes his dislike of popery, and he hesitates to choose between the Constitution and the Inquisition. The exhibition which he witnessed at Cordoba seems to show that liberty and Romanism form a very incongruous mixture:—

"During our stay at Cordoba we witnessed the grand procession of Corpus Christi, at the commencement of Lent, which is considered one of the most holy and imposing exhibitions of the Hispano-Roman church. It was a lamentably splendid sight; for a more heterogeneous, heterodox mixture of bigotry and liberty, superstition and constitution, wax candles and fixed bayonets, it never fell to my lot to witness. It moved through the streets, preceded by a military band of music, which played Riego's Hymn and the *Tragala** alternately, with sacred airs and mournful dirges. This was only in keeping with the rest of the absurdities of the ceremony; but it was a crying sin to compel the poor old bishop to parade through the streets in his full canonicals, at a *pas de valse*."

"The *Cordobeses* of all classes are held to be very religious, and particularly 'severe'; and this degrading exhibition was, probably, got up by the *exaltado* party, then in the ascendant, to bring the prelate and priestly office into contempt."

On the road from Cordoba to Seville, Captain Scott witnessed a curious peculiarity of Andalusian agriculture:—

"During our ride, we observed a number of men advancing in skirmishing order across the country, and thrashing the ground most savagely with long flails. Curious to know what could be the motive for this Xerxes-like treatment of the earth, we turned out of the road to inspect their operations, and found they were driving a swarm of locusts into a wide piece of linen spread on the ground at some distance before them, wherein they were made prisoners. These animals are about three times the size of an English grasshopper. They migrate from Africa, and their spring visits are very destructive; for in a single night they will entirely eat up a field of young corn."

"The *Caza de Langostas*† is a very profitable business to the peasantry; as, besides a reward obtained from the proprietor of the soil in consideration for service done, they sell the produce of their chase for manure at so much a sack."

The tunny fishery is an animating spectacle, but it is fast declining in value and importance.

* "Swallow it; the substance of the song being, if you do not like it (the constitution), you must swallow it, dog!"
† Lobster-hunting—such is the name for Locust in Spanish."

Captain Scott had the good fortune to see a shoal netted at Conil, on his road to Cadiz. The tunny is a powerful fish, being nearly the size and shape of a porpoise; when drawn into the shallow water, it makes the most furious struggles to escape from the net:—

"The scene now becomes very animated. When the draught is heavy—as it was in this instance—and there is a possibility of the net being injured, and of the fish escaping if it be drawn at once to land, the fishermen arm themselves with harpoons, or stakes, having iron hooks at the end, and rush into the sea whilst the net is yet a considerable distance from the shore, surrounding it, and shouting with all their might to frighten the fish into shallow water, when they become comparatively powerless."

"In completing the investment of their prey, some of the fishermen are obliged even to swim to the outer extremity of the net, where, holding on by the floats with one hand, they strike, with singular dexterity, such fish as approach the edge, in the hope of effecting their escape, with a short harpoon held in the other. The men in the boats, at the same time, keep up a continual splashing with their oars, to deter the tunny from attempting to leap over the hempen enclosure; which, nevertheless, many succeed in doing, amidst volleys of '*Carajos*'!"

"The fish are thus killed in the water, and then drawn in triumph on shore. They are allowed to bleed very freely; and the entrails, roes, livers, and eyes, are immediately cut out, being perquisites of different authorities."

The account of Cadiz and of Xeres contains little of novelty or interest; but the description of the mode in which sherries are manufactured deserves to be quoted:—

"The old wines are kept in huge casks—not much inferior in size to the great tun of Heidelberg—called '*Madre*' butts; and some of these old ladies contain wine that is 120 years of age. It must, however, be confessed, that the plan adopted in keeping them up, partakes somewhat of the nature of '*une imposture delicate*,' since, whenever a gallon of wine is taken from the 120 year old butt, it is replaced by a like quantity from the next in seniority, and so on with the rest; so that even the very oldest wines in the store are daily undergoing a mixing process. It is thus perfectly idle, when a customer writes for a 'ten-year old' butt of sherry, to expect to receive a wine which was grown that number of years previously. He will get a most excellent wine, however, which will, probably, be prepared for him in the following manner:—Three-fourths of the butt will consist of a three or four year old wine, to which a few gallons of *Pajarito*, or *Amontillado*, will be added, to give the particular flavour or colour required; and the remainder will be made up of various proportions of old wines, of different vintages: a dash of brandy being added, to preserve it from sea-sickness during the voyage. To calculate the age of this mixture appears, at first sight, to involve a laborious arithmetical operation. But it is very simply done, by striking an average in the following manner:—The *fond*, we will suppose, is a four-years' old wine, with which figure we must, therefore commence our calculations. To flavour and give age to this foundation, the hundred and twenty years' old '*madre*' is made to contribute a gallon, which, being about the hundredth part of the proposed butt, diffuses a year's maturity into the composition. The centigeanian stock-butt next furnishes a quantity, which in the same way adds another year to its age. The next in seniority supplies a proportion equivalent to a space of two years; and a fourth adds a similar period to its existence. So that, without going further, we have $4+1+1+2+2=10$, as clear as the sun at noon-day, or a demonstration in Euclid."

Passing over Seville and its exaggerated beauties, we turn to the description of a novelty in Spain, a rising town, or rather village, recently erected near the baths of Manilla, which has become a favourite resort of valetudinarians from Gibraltar, the distance being only seventeen miles:—

"The little village is built with the regularity of even Wiesbaden itself, but nothing can well be more different in other respects than it is from that, or any

other watering-place which I have ever visited. It consists of five or six parallel stacks of houses, forming streets which open at one end upon the bank overhanging the now sulphurated stream, that flows down from Casares; and which abut, at the other, against the side of the lofty mountain whence the medicated spring issues. These streets are covered in with trellis-work, over which vines are trained, rendering them cool, as well as agreeable to the sight. The houses are all built on a uniform plan, namely, they have no upper story, and contain but one room each; which room is furnished with the usual Spanish kitchen-range—that is, with three or four little bricked stoves built into a kind of dresser. By this arrangement, every room is, of itself, capable of forming a complete establishment; and in most cases, indeed, it does serve the triple purposes of a kitchen, a refectory, and a dormitory, to its frugal inmates. When a family is large, however, an entire lazaré must be hired for its accommodation."

It is evident from these volumes that Captain Scott had no intention of making a book when he took his excursions in Andalusia. He kept no journal, and took very hasty notes; hence he was reduced to the necessity of combining the reminiscences of several excursions, and of resigning in a great degree the individual interest of personal narrative, and trusting to general descriptions. More than a hundred pages are occupied with the apocryphal adventures of a guerilla chief, whose multiplied crimes would furnish incidents for some scores of melo-dramas, the moral being that they arose from his having been educated above his station, and thus exposed to the taint of liberal opinions. Still more puerile are the legend of the Fairy Bridge, and the adventures of the Knight of San Fernando. We regret that Captain Scott should have eked out materials which, though scanty, were of some value, by incredible and incongruous fictions; his perverse determination to bring in politics on every occasion, and on no occasion, might be pardoned; his geographical dissertations might be endured, but his romances deserve no better fate than that which Don Quixote's housekeeper assigned to her master's collection of chivalrous fictions. Few will read them without being tempted to exclaim, in the language of the author, but certainly not of Persius, "Quantum est in robis inane!"

THE ANNUALS FOR 1839.

The Book of Beauty.—Twelve portraits illustrate this volume—a welcome improvement on the imaginative insipidities formerly contributed by the artists. But it must, nevertheless, be confessed that some of the Ladies are beauties only as some of the Lords who write in it are poets—that is, by courtesy. The two most attractive portraits are Mr. Lucas's Viscountess Mahon; and Mr. Landseer's Viscountess Fitzharris; the former, because it is free from that conventional and modish prettiness which spoils so many of Mr. Chalon's works (*vide* the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Fanny Cowper, and, worst of all, Miss Cockayne, in the volume before us)—the latter, from the breadth and simplicity of its costume, and the serene sweetness of its countenance. The letter-press has been collected with Lady Blessington's usual tact, and contains contributions from personages not to be met with in other Annuals—witness Lord Abinger's political allegory, Mr. Trevelyan's extravagant but highly-coloured 'Sahib Tulwār,' and Mr. Wilkinson's Moghrebe Tale. We must further note for commendation, among the prose stories, 'The Young Mother,' by the Editress, a sketch true to life—and Barry Cornwall's 'Chapter of Fragments,' and then proceed to make some extracts from the poetry. If Miss Mitford has the best long poems of the year, Lady Blessington has the best short ones.

Ode to a Leafless Tree in June.

BY SIR LYTON BULWER.

Desolate Tree, why are thy branches bare?
What hast thou done,
To win strange winter from the summer air,
Frost from the sun?

Thou wast not churlish, in thy palmier year,
Unto the herd;
Tenderly gav'st thou shelter to the deer,
Home to the bird.

And ever, once, the earliest of the grove,
Thy smiles were gay;
Opening thy blossoms with the haste of love,
To the young May.

Then did the bees, and all the insect wings,
Around thee gleam;
Feaster and darling of the gilded things
That dwell in th' beam.

Thy liberal course, poor prodigal, is sped,
How lonely now!
How bird and bee, late parasites, have fled
Thy leafless bough!

Tell me, sad tree, why are thy branches bare?
What hast thou done,
To win strange winter from the summer air,
Frost from the sun?

"Never," replied that forest-hermit, lone,
(Old truth and endless!)
"Never for evil done, but fortune flown,
Are we left friendless."

"Yet wholly, nor for winter, nor for storm,
Doth Love depart:
We are not all forsaken, till the worm
Creeps to the heart!"

"Ah! nought without—within thee, if decay—
Can heal or hurt thee!
Nor boots it, if thy heart itself betray,
Who may desert thee?"

We can only allude to pleasant verses by Mr. B. D'Israeli, Mr. J. Smith, and Mr. C. Swain, and to others by the Editress herself, L. E. L., Miss Garrow, and Mrs. Holme. The next passage we shall steal, is a portion of one of Mr. Landor's dramatic Fragments. The scene is the Tower—the time the days of Harry the Eighth—the personages shall speak for themselves.

CONSTABLE (*falling on his knees*).

My Queen!
ANNE (BOLYNS). Arise, Sir Constable!
CON. My Queen,
Heaven's joys lie close before you!
ANNE. And you weep?
Few days, I know, are left me; they will melt
All into one, all penanceable.
No starts from slumber into bitter tears,
No struggles with sick hopes and wild desires.

[CONSTABLE on his knees presents the writ of Execution.]

I can do nothing now... take back that writing
And tell them so, poor souls! Say to the widow
I grieve, and can but grieve for her; persuade her,
That children, although fatherless, are blessings;
And teach those little ones, if 'er you see them,
They are not half so badly off as some.
Fold up the paper—put it quite aside.
I am no queen; I have no almoner.
Ah, now I weep indeed! Put, put it by!
Many will often say when I am gone
They once had a young Queen to pity them.
Nay, though I mentioned I had nought to give,
Yet dash not on your head, nor grapple so
With those ungentle hands, while I am here,
A helpless widow's innocent petition.
Smooth it: return it with all courtesy.
Smooth it, I say again; frame some kind words,
And see they find their place, then tender it.
What! in this manner gentlemen of birth
Present us papers? turn them thus away.
Putting their palms between their eyes and us?
Sir! I was queen... and you were kind to me
When I was queen no longer... Why so changed?
Give it... but what is now my signature?
Ignorant are you, or incredulous
That not a clasp is left me? not a stone,
The vilest: not chalcidony; not agate.
Promise her all my dresses when... no, no...
I am grown superstitious; they might bring
Misfortune on her, having been Anne Boleyn's.
CON. Lady, I wish this scroll could suffocate
My voice. One order I must disobey.
To place it in your hand, and mark you read it.
I lay it at your feet, craving your pardon
And God's, my Lady!

ANNE. Rise up, give it me,
I know it's read; but I read it
Because it is the king's, whom I have sworn
To love and to obey.
CON. (*Aside*). Her mind's distraught!
Alas! she smiles!

One more poem, and our notice must close.

Song.

BY E. M. MILNES, ESQ. M.P.

I wandered by the brook-side,
I wandered by the mill,
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still.
There was no buzz of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,
I watched the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid.
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not—no, he came not,
The night came on alone,
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening air past by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast, silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind,
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind;
It drew me nearer—nearer—
We did not speak a word,
But the breathing of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

Beauty's Costume.—Ten lines will sufficiently characterize and recommend this book of dresses, which, whether as regards choice of subject or execution, is superior to the previous volume. The German costume, that of the fair Gabrielle, and the first of the two costumes of the court of Louis Quinze, are our favourites. Mr. Ritchie is too little of a trifler to have been intrusted with the letter-press illustrating these "subtleties,"—some tiffany lady-writer would have made a better editor.

List of New Books.—Crombie's Gymnasium, five Symbols Critica, 6th edit. 2 vols. 8vo. 11s. cl.—Physical Geography, by T. S. Traill, M.D. crown 8vo. 4s. cl.—Reminiscences of English Composition, by Alexander Reid, 12mo. 2s. cl.—Mahon's History of England, Vol. III. 8vo. 16s. 6d. cl.—Tales of a Jewess, by Madame Brendahl, 12mo. 12s. cl.—Lindsay's (Lord) Letters as the Holy Land, 2 vols. 8vo. new edit. 24s. cl.—The Apostolical Authority of the Epistle to the Hebrews, by the Rev. Charles Foster, 8vo. 21s. cl.—James's Book of the Passions, royal 8vo. plates, 31s. 6d.—Hutton's Locusts, royal 8vo. new edit. 18s. 6d.—Bailey and Land's Differential Calculus, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Narrative of a Voyage to Alexandria, &c., &c. 5s. cl.—Powerscourt's Letters, by Rev. R. Daly, 2nd edit. 6s. cl.—Morrison's Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles, 18mo. 4s. cl.—Conolly's Overland Journey to the North of India, 2nd edit. 2 vols. 8vo. 31s. cl.—Biblical Cabinet, Vol. XXIII.—Bibliotheca Sacra, Vol. II. 11s. 6d. cl.—The Cambridge Course of Elementary Natural Philosophy, by Snowball, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Dalton's Discourses on the Lord's Prayer, 2nd edit. royal 12mo. 6s. 6d. cl.—Joseph, a Model for the Young, by Edward Leighton, 2nd edit. 3s. cl.—Chalmers's Lectures on the Establishment and Extension of National Churches, new edit. 8vo. 1s. 6d. 6d. cl.—Tales for my Nieces, by Mrs. Levent, 18mo. 2s. cl.—Mudie's Mental Philosophy, 12mo. 7s. cl.—Baylee's Institutions of the Church of England, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Milnes' (Richard M.) Poems, 2 vols. 8vo. 14s. 6d. cl.—Cutch, or Sketches of Western India, by Mrs. Postans, 8vo. 14s. cl.—The Edinburgh Scripture Biography, royal 8vo. 18s. cl.—Hugo Reid's Catechism of Heat, 18mo. 6d. 6d. cl.—Whewell's Mechanical Euclid, 3rd edit. 12mo. 5s. 6d. cl.—Peter Parley's Universal History, new edit. 6s. 7s. 6d. cl.—Fragments in Verse, 6s. cl.—Essays and Selections by Basil Montagu, 6s. cl.—Bacon's Advancement of Learning, edited by B. Montagu, 6s. cl.—Wilkinson's Sketches and Music of the Basque Provinces in Spain, imperial 4to. 42s. cl.—School Houses, by Horace Mann, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Hunter's Livy, Book XXI. to XXV., 5th edit. 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—The Philosophy of Acquisitiveness, by D. G. Goyder, 2nd edit. 2s. 6d. cl.—Clarke's Gymnasium, by Rev. A. Crombie, 4th edit. 8vo. 6s. cl.—Transactions of the Institution of Civil Engineers, Vol. II. 4to. 28s. 6d. cl.—Goria's Fables from the Ancients and Moderns Versified, 8s. cl.—French Extracts for Beginners, with a Vocabulary, by F. A. Wolski, 12mo. 4s. cl.—Sequel to the Essays on Coreutics, 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.—The Law Relating to the Recovery of Tenements, 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Blowing's Observations on the Oriental Plague, 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Clarke's Tales and Sketches, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Pereira's Materia Medica, Part I. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Hand-Book of Laundry, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Hand-Book of Gardening, new edit. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Bennett's English Pocket Dictionary, 2nd edit. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Pancras's Les Enfants, 12mo. 4s. cl.—A Present to the Young French Student, 12mo. 10s. 6d. cl.—The New Year's Gift, 1s. 6d. cl.—The Wedding Present, 1s. 6d. cl.

PROF. POWELL'S REPLY TO SIR D. BREWSTER.
To the Editor of the Athenæum.

Oxford, Nov. 19, 1838.

OBSERVING in your last number a letter from Sir D. Brewster, referring to a paper of mine, may I request your insertion of the following brief remarks; in which, without entering on the details of controversial discussion, I will offer a simple statement of the case, from which your scientific readers will form their own conclusions.

The question at issue is simply this:—Fraunhofer determined, in the interference-spectrum, the values of the wave-lengths for the definite rays as they there appear,—that is, in a form far more closely condensed together (especially towards the blue end) than they appear even in the least dispersed of the refraction-spectra.

Now, in the refraction-spectra, the corresponding rays are not only far more widely separated, but those which appear single in the interference-spectra, and even in the lower dispersive media, are resolved into assemblages of several lines in the higher. This is especially the case with the rays called (G) and (H); the latter consisting of two widely separated bands, the former, of a series of small lines.

Now, when we attempt to compare the two, how are we to determine to which precise part of the expanded refraction-ray the value of the wave-length belongs, which was found for the condensed interference-ray? Can it be said to belong to any one part rather than another?

Hence, it appeared to me the only fair and reasonable method, to take the mean of the expanded set of lines as corresponding to the value of the wave-length, given for the condensed line. This method I followed in all my former calculations.

Of the precise designations of (G) and (H), referred to by Sir D. Brewster in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, nothing whatever appears in Fraunhofer's memoir, as translated in the *Edinb. Philos. Journal*, No. 18, from which I derived my knowledge of his investigations.

With reference to the other point alluded to, I would submit, that when we shall have the wave-lengths determined by the interference-spectra for other sets of lines, (such as those formed in Sir D. Brewster's beautiful experiments), then, and not till then, those sets of lines will be available for the purposes I had in view. I sincerely hope such determinations will be made.

Your obedient servant,
BADEN POWELL.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

WE did not flatter ourselves with the expectation that the arguments of M. Valenciennes and Prof. Owen, in favour of the mammiferous character of the Stonesfield remains, would induce M. de Blainville to retract the opinions which he had expressed before the French Academy; but, under all the circumstances, we deemed it probable that he would waive the further discussion of the subject. If really acting under a conviction, that Baron Cuvier had assigned to the pretended fossil opossum, too high a rank in the scale of animal organization, having once proclaimed to the scientific world that belief, it was natural to suppose that a fresh stimulus would be given to research; and that thus new discoveries, or at any rate an acquaintance with the original specimens, in lieu of casts or figures, would afford him fresh grounds for again introducing his genus *Amphitherium* to the notice of his fellow savans. Even Dr. Buckland himself, we have reason to imagine, felt so satisfied that M. de Blainville would stand alone in his erroneous belief, that it would have occasioned us no surprise, had we found the bone of contention quietly restored to its glass case in the Ashmolean Museum, its label having "requisit in pace" in the hand-writing of the learned Geological Professor himself; and the last characteristic designation, *Bothrotherium Bucklandi*, agreeably to the established laws of scientific nomenclature, taking precedence of the three synonyms severally proposed by Cuvier, De Blainville, and Valenciennes. Our assumption, however, it seems has been premature: M. de Blainville has re-opened the question in a second memoir, submitted to the French Academy on the 22nd of October, and published in the last number of the *Compte Rendu*. This

has drawn forth an express paper on the subject by Prof. Owen. The latter was read at the meeting of the Geological Society on Wednesday,* and was followed up by a protracted and brilliant discussion. The laws of etiquette in force at the Geological Society, forbid us to notice either persons or opinions, in reference to the debates which arise at the assemblies of that body, and we can therefore only intimate, in general terms, that the result was more favourable to the views of M. de Blainville than we were prepared to expect; perhaps, indeed, sufficiently so to prove the impossibility of solving the problem, without having recourse to the chisel and hammer in the quarries of Stonesfield. The question, however, is again shortly to be made the subject of discussion. In the meantime, it only remains for us to notice a passage in the last memoir of M. de Blainville, which concerns ourselves, and in which he thus expresses himself:—"I ought also, in conclusion, to announce to the Academy, that the editor of the English journal, the *Athenæum*, has already laid before his readers the point at issue in this discussion, not doubting but that, by continued research in the quarries of Stonesfield, more fragments, sufficiently demonstrative, will be discovered. In the meantime, to avoid, as he says, the suspicion of partiality towards any one of the three generic terms already established, he has himself proposed that of *Bothrotherium* for the pretended opossum of the oolite; so that science is already embarrassed with four or five denominations to designate a being, the real nature of which is involved in obscurity." We fear, that an innocent joke of ours has strangely misled M. de Blainville; if, however, the sentiment which his reproof conveys be but stamped upon the recollection of his readers, let it not be said that he has written in vain. If there be one thing more than another which now seems likely to leave zoology in the rear of other branches of human knowledge,—nay, which even threatens to make this object of philosophical pursuit the laughing-stock of those who glory in the cultivation of the more exact sciences,—it is the assumption of a power, on the part of some professing Naturalists, to determine, almost at a glance, the natural affinities of the beings which compose the animate portion of creation, and the confusion engendered by the wanton multiplication of family and generic appellations, for the purpose of ministering, not to the interests of science, but to their own short-lived and spurious reputation.

Mrs. Grant of Laggan's death, recently announced, has withdrawn from Scotland one of the oldest members of its literary circles. Till a very late period, this venerable lady was the centre of a select society: it is now many years since she ceased publication,—so many, indeed, that to give a correct list of her works is beyond our power. Those best known in England are, her charming 'Memoirs of an American Lady,' her 'Essay on the Superstitions of the Highlands,' and her 'Letters from the Mountains.' As regards style, they belong to a past literary dynasty, but a recent re-perusal of them has disposed us rather to doubt whether we may not have lost, rather than to be sure that we have gained much since they were written. Mrs. Grant bore but one character among all those admitted to her intimacy,—that of being as amiable as she was intelligent.

Besides the score of authentic portraits of the Queen already noticed in our columns, and Mr. Sully's likeness now in the engraver's hands,—Mr. Fowler has produced yet another, which is in the possession of Messrs. Welch & Gwynne, St. James's Street, and which Mr. Gibbon is about to engrave. The new portrait is merely a bust; though her Majesty wears the royal diadem, the purple, and ermine, its effect, as a whole, is simple. The lower part of the Queen's countenance—where the difficulty for the painter has always been felt to lie—has been rendered, by Mr. Fowler, with greater fidelity than by many of his predecessors.

The admirers of Mr. Martin will be happy to hear that his pencil is once again in requisition, and that he is engaged on a large picture of the Coronation of Her Majesty,—a subject well suited to his powers.

* The Report of this meeting will be given in our next Number.

A commemoration of Purcell was held in Westminster Abbey on Tuesday morning: a number of vocalists meeting there, according to recent annual custom, to assist in the musical services of the day, which were selected from the works of England's greatest composer. The attendance was very numerous, and the performance most imposing. It is interesting to note the revival of a sound taste for the works of our ancestors. As critics, who do their best (following John Gilpin's arrangement of his bottles), "to keep the balance true," we may appear cold and pragmatical; but we must once again hint that some of the excellence of these ancient works—written when the resources of composition were but imperfectly understood—has always appeared, to us, to exist in the enthusiasm of the listener. At the same time it would be a ridiculous affectation to deny the force—the expressiveness—the melody, which are to be found in fragments throughout the whole of Purcell's music. Had he not been so early in life translated to "that blessed place where only his harmony can be exceeded," (to quote his epitaph), he might have run a close race with Handel in the highest walks of sacred music.

The link between Purcell and the *Théâtre de la Renaissance*, just opened at Paris, is supplied by "native talent"—Madame Thillon, the new cantatrice who has just made her successful appearance there in a ballad-opera, being an Englishwoman. It is odd enough to find the *feuilletonists*—ignorant of the European reputations of Cecilia Davies, and Billington, and Braham; ignorant of Miss Kemble, now about to appear at *La Scala*; and Mrs. Shaw, now in Germany; and Miss Novello, now in Russia; forgetful of Madame Albertazzi's origin; forgetful, too, that France has never produced a singer (save Duprez) much prized out of France—expressing surprise at Madame Thillon's success, because "*l'Angleterre n'est pas le pays des rossignols*!" The music of the opera aforesaid, ('*Lady Melvil*' being its name,) is by Giszar—a young Belgian, not many years since learning commerce in a Liverpool counting-house. After a very few months of forced application, he took flight thence, for pursuits more congenial, and here he is figuring by the side of Victor Hugo, and Meyerbeer—for the latter has promised a new work to the *ci-devant* Ventadour!

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 19.—The first meeting of the present Session was well attended.—Col. Sykes, V.P., in the chair. Twelve gentlemen were elected Fellows, and twenty-nine were proposed as candidates.

The first paper read, was the Third Report of the Society's Committee appointed to inquire into the state of Education in the Metropolis. It contained a description of the schools in the parishes of St. George, St. James, and St. Anne; which completes the account of all the parishes in Westminster. The area of the district, to which the report related, contains 1,310 acres, of which about half is covered with streets, houses, and squares, and half is park, or other open ground. Its population, according to the census of 1831, was—

	Families.	Males.	Females.	Total.
St. George's	11,348	26,328	31,881	58,209
St. James's	8,344	18,019	19,034	37,053
St. Anne's	3,994	7,567	8,033	15,600
	23,686	51,914	58,948	110,862

Which is estimated to be nearly the average number of the resident inhabitants at the present time. On this assumption, it is found that the number of children between the ages of five and fifteen is 21,502, and that 31.6 per cent. of them are receiving some kind of instruction in schools. People of rank and superior tradesmen constitute a very large portion of the population; and a still larger portion is composed of middling tradesmen and small shopkeepers. The number of poor families who occupy parts of houses with a common entrance is 3,891, and, by a calculation, about 13 children in every 10 families of this class are found to attend the charity, infant, dame, or common day schools. The numbers of schools and scholars are as follows:—

St. George's.		
Dame Schools...	32..	Scholars 450
Common Day...	36.....	737
Middling...	33.....	870
Superior...	8.....	160

Charity	109	2,217
Infant	6.....	752
	4.....	595

Schools 119..Scholars 3,564

Sunday Schools... 7..... 951 Of whom 321 do not attend Day Schools.
Evening Schools... 7..... 33

St. James's.		
Dame Schools...	10.....	231
Common Day...	36.....	155
Middling...	17.....	657
Superior...	6.....	369

Charity	40	1,412
Infant	10.....	1,325
	2.....	385

Schools 52..Scholars 3,122

Sunday Schools... 6..... 926 Of whom 608 do not attend Day Schools.
Evening Schools... 3..... 45

St. Anne's.		
Dame Schools...	4.....	78
Common Day...	12.....	293
Middling...	5.....	144
Superior...	4.....	229

Charity	25	744
Infant	2.....	325
	0.....	0

Schools 27..Scholars 1,069

Sunday Schools... 5..... 707 Of whom 347 do not attend Day Schools.
Evening Schools... 3..... 28

The total number of children of poor parents in the three parishes who attend the infant, dame, charity, and common day schools, is 5,326. The number of children of middling tradespeople, who attend the middling day schools, is 1,671; and the number of children of superior tradespeople, who attend the superior day schools, is 758. The total number of children attending schools is 7,861, not including a number, probably about 197, who attend 9 schools, from which direct returns have not been obtained. The total number of scholars in Sunday schools is 2,584, of whom 1,591 also attend day schools.

Dame Schools—are kept by a female, assisted in some instances by a female relative. The average charge is 6d. per week, which is much beyond that of any charitable institution for teaching young children. The whole number visited was 46, containing 759 scholars, boys and girls in equal proportion; 379 are under the age of five years, and the rest between five and fifteen. Children are sent to these schools principally for the purpose of keeping them out of the streets; the parents generally expecting them to do nothing, and even requesting that they may not be "worried with learning." For the most part, they read from any book which they may happen to bring from home. Of the whole 759, about 100 are taught to write. The dame was often found to possess a shelf full of dusty old books, given to her by the families with whom she had lived in service, and consisting of odd volumes of old periodicals and novels, and similar refuse. An old newspaper was much oftener seen than the Bible, and a rod was generally lying on the table. In five cases, the school-room was that in which the whole family dwelt and slept; in every case, except two, it was their only sitting room; and, in one instance, it was a shop. Some of the dames, who keep a cake-shop in addition to their school, seem to have established the one in order to attract customers to the other.

Common and Middling Day Schools—The number of common day schools in the three parishes is 55, containing 1,185 scholars, averaging about 21 to each school. Boys 486, girls 699. 341 under the age of five years, 14 above fifteen years, the rest between five and fifteen. The number of middling day schools is also 55, containing 167 scholars, or about 30 in each school. Boys 882, girls 789. 95 under the age of five years, 35 above fifteen years, the rest between these two ages. The instruction given in all these schools is very imperfect. Writing and arithmetic are the principal points to which the attention of the parents and the endeavours of the teachers are directed. In all the common and middling day schools the Bible and Testament are universally used as class books, from which the scholars are taught to spell and read. The common schools for boys, which have a male teacher, have often a cheerless and un-

favourable appearance, but still are found to be conducted with considerable judgment and ability in the narrow course to which they are confined. The opinion which the Committee formed of the masters of the middling schools, is, on the whole, favourable.

Superior Schools—Of these there are 18; the particulars of which were exhibited in several elaborate tables with which the Report was accompanied. These schools contain only 758 scholars, of whom 150 are boarders from distant parts. The small proportion of this number to the population of the district, is accounted for by the richer classes preferring to send their children to schools out of town.

Charity Schools—These are divided into—1, A parochial school, in which 210 children are boarded, clothed, and fed; 2, National and parochial day schools, of which there are 14, containing 1,931 children, 1,072 of whom receive gratuitous instruction—in the rest the payments vary from 1d. per week to 1s. 6d. per month; 3, British and Foreign schools of which there are 3, containing 561 scholars, all of whom pay 2d. or 3d. per week; 4, Infant schools, of which there are 6, containing 980 children, who pay 1d. or 2d. per week. In the points of cleanliness and regularity, the national and parochial schools, and particularly St. George's National School, are the most commendable. The British and Foreign schools are, in this respect, inferior, but they possess, in other respects, some advantages. Their scholars have more energy and attention, and appear to be impressed with the idea of being sent to school, not to waste their time, but to learn. In the National schools the master performs his duties with greater austerity, punishes with a rod, and is regarded with fear; but in the British and Foreign schools he is addressed by the scholars with becoming familiarity as their friend, and no rod is to be seen. The masters and mistresses of all the schools profess to give their scholars "a moral and religious education," but to what extent this profession is really put into practice the Committee find it impossible to state. A large proportion of the common day, middling, and superior schoolmasters belong to the Established Church, and it was ascertained that at least 20 per cent. were communicants either of the Established Church or of Dissenting bodies. With respect to the books in general use, the sameness and common-place character of them all is remarkable; Mavor's, Vyse's, Guy's and Carpenter's spelling books, and Murray's Abridged Grammar, &c. No publication of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge was met with, nor any one of the Religious Tract Society, and, with the exception of one instance, where the *Saturday Magazine* was read as a class book, there was seen no publication of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. The cause of this constant adoption of books, of which the cost is at least 1s. 6d. each, in preference to the publications of these Societies, which offer as much instruction for 1d., is attributed to the great prevalence of a strong aversion to everything which might be considered as connected with *charity* (the peculiar garb of charity children being regarded with perfect abhorrence). Another cause assigned is a considerable per centage which is allowed to teachers by the publishers. The middling and superior schools are situated for the most part either in large and open streets or in squares, and in ventilation, cleanliness, and comfort they are at least equal to the homes which the children who attend them can be supposed to have: but the dame and common day schools are often in narrow, confined, and dirty streets and lanes; however, none of them are so badly ventilated as to be offensive, nor, by many degrees, so bad as those of Liverpool and Manchester, while a few are as neat and clean as any in a country village, and these strangely occur in the most crowded parts of the district. The Report concluded by expressing an acknowledgment of the general civility and obligingness of the teachers which had been experienced by the Committee, in its visits to the schools, and for the disposition which had been manifested to promote the accomplishment of the object in view. The most distressing cases of poverty were witnessed without any suggestion having been made for remuneration for the information supplied. It was remarked that cases of idiocy, deformity, and other dreadful afflictions of the mind and body were almost entirely unvisited by the members of the Com-

mittee and its agents, who visited and spent a considerable time in about 500 houses.

Moral Statistics of the District to which the Report related, that is, the Parishes of St. James, St. George, and St. Anne, Soho, by the Rev. E. W. Edgell.—The parish of St. Anne contains a poor population, consisting of workmen employed by masters in a number of numerous and very various trades. The population of St. James's parish resembles that of a manufacturing town. The shoemakers and tailors have their houses of call, their societies and clubs, and form a large and, within their own class of society, an influential body. In St. George's parish there appears to be a much less number of these artisans, since only a few children of such parents are found in the schools of this parish. Its poor population between Bond Street and Park Lane, consists chiefly of grooms, hostlers, cabmen, and other persons connected with stables. The portion between Grosvenor Place and the river, is composed of carpenters, bricklayers' labourers, and other workmen engaged in the numerous buildings in progress in that locality. A tabular exhibition was given of the names, localities, and numbers of all the places of public worship in the three parishes of the district; their number of sittings, the number and times of their services on Sundays and week days, the number of ministers, and the number of members of Dissenting churches: but the numerous deficiencies in the numerical items of this table render it only partially useful. The following particulars were next introduced:—1, An account of the number of prayer meetings, and meetings of temperance societies, describing their modes of proceeding and amount of attendance. 2, An enumeration of the benefit and friendly societies of the district, amounting to 40, giving their names, place, and date of establishment. 3, A list of all the newspapers and other periodical publications taken in the coffee houses, public houses, and eating houses in the three parishes, stating the number of each review, journal, magazine, London, country and foreign newspaper, and of numerous cheap periodical publications found in these places of resort. The three parishes contain 290 public houses and 45 eating houses, and the papers having by far the largest circulation are the *Morning Advertiser* and the *Weekly Dispatch*. 4, The numbers and description of books in all the small circulating libraries throughout the district, showing that novels, old and new, are the staple articles in demand, but works of an immoral tendency were not met with. 5, An account of the penny concerts, and cock and hen clubs, of which there are 12; the audiences at these concerts, which are generally held in public houses, are highly decent and decorous, the performers are professional persons of both sexes, engaged at about 30s. per week, and the songs usually sung are in no respect objectionable. The paper concluded with a full account of the criminal statistics of the district, accompanied with illustrative tables, the materials of which were obtained from the Metropolitan Police establishment, from which it appears that offences arising from drunken and disorderly conduct are very frequent in this district, but that they are committed by persons belonging to a higher rank than the labouring classes—that crimes of violence, housebreaking, and violent robbery are rare—that larcenies in dwelling houses are also rare,—but that when they do occur the amount of property stolen is above the average for the whole metropolis, a fact attributable to the opulence of the district,—that the proportion of vice and crime among females is greater than in the rest of the metropolitan district of police, and that the proportion of instructed persons taken into custody is considerably greater, but confined to cases of drunken and disorderly conduct.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 9.—The following communications were read:—

1. Astronomical Observations made at the Observatory at Wilna, in 1835. By M. Slavinski.

These observations are of a similar nature to those made in former years, and communicated to the Society from time to time. The present collection consists of observations of *Jupiter*, *Saturn*, *Mars*, and *Uranus*, as well as of moon-culminating stars, occultations of stars by the moon, and of eclipses of *Jupi-*

satellites. The geocentric right ascension and declination of each planet, and for each day of observation, are compared with the positions deduced from Encke's *Berlin Ephemeris*, and the differences noted.

But the most important paper, was a letter from Prof. Bessel to Sir J. Herschel, dated Königsberg, Oct. 25, of which the following is an extract:—

Esteemed Sir,—Having succeeded in obtaining a long looked-for result, and presuming that it will interest so great and zealous an explorer of the heavens as yourself, I take the liberty of making a communication to you thereupon. Should you consider this communication of sufficient importance to lay before other friends of astronomy, I not only have no objection, but request you to do so. With this view, I might have sent it to you through Mr. Bailey; and I should have preferred this course, as it would have interfered less with the important affairs claiming your immediate attention on your return to England. But, to you, I can write in my own language, and thus secure my meaning from indistinctness. After so many unsuccessful attempts to determine the parallax of a fixed star, I thought it worth while to try what might be accomplished by means of the accuracy which my great Fraunhofer Heliometer gives to the observations. I undertook to make this investigation upon the star 61 Cygni, which, by reason of its great proper motion, is perhaps the best of all; which affords the advantage of being a double star, and on that account may be observed with greater accuracy; and which is so near the pole that, with the exception of a small part of the year, it can always be observed at night at a sufficient distance from the horizon. I began the comparisons of this star in September 1834, by measuring its distance from two small stars of the 11th magnitude, of which one precedes, and the other is to the northward. But I soon perceived that the atmosphere was seldom sufficiently favourable to allow of the observation of stars so small; and, therefore, I resolved to select brighter ones, although somewhat more distant. In the year 1835, researches on the length of the pendulum at Berlin took me away for three months from the observatory; and when I returned, Halley's Comet had made its appearance, and claimed all the clear nights. In 1836, I was too much occupied with the calculations of the measurement of a degree in this country, and with editing my work on the subject, to be able to prosecute the observations of a Cygni so uninterruptedly as was necessary, in my opinion, in order that they might afford an unequalled result. But, in 1837 these obstacles were removed, and I thereupon resumed the hope that I should be led to the same result which Struve grounded upon his observations of a *Lyræ*, by similar observations of 61 Cygni. I selected among the small stars which surround that double star, two between the 9th and 10th magnitudes; of which one (*a*) is nearly perpendicular to the line of direction of the double star; the other (*b*) nearly in this direction. I have measured with the heliometer the distances of these stars from the point which bisects the distance between the two stars of 61 Cygni; as I considered this kind of observation the most correct that could be obtained, I have commonly repeated the observations sixteen times every night. When the atmosphere has been unusually unsteady, I have, however, made more numerous repetitions; although, by this, I fear the result has not attained that precision which it would have possessed by fewer observations on more favourable nights. This unsteadiness of the atmosphere is the great obstacle which attaches to all the more delicate astronomical observations. In an unfavourable climate we cannot avoid its prejudicial influence, unless by observing only on the finest nights; by which, however, it would become still more difficult to collect the number of observations necessary for an investigation. The places of both stars, referred to the middle point of the double star, are for the beginning of 1838,

Distance.	Angle of Position.
<i>a</i> 461'.617	201° 29' 24"
<i>b</i> 706'.279	109 22 10

As the instrument gives, at the same time, the distance and angle of position, I have always observed both. But the position circle is divided only into whole minutes; which, in the distance of the first star, have the value of 0'.134; in that of the second,

0'.205. Moreover, other causes exist which may render the observation of the angle of position less certain than that of the distances. I have, accordingly, considered the first of these as of less consequence in so delicate an investigation, and concentrated my attention, as far as I could, upon the latter. The following tables contain all my measures of distance, freed from the effects of refraction and aberration, and reduced to the beginning of 1838. In these reductions, the annual variations employed of both distances are $+4''.3915$ and $-2''.825$; which I have deduced (on the supposition that the stars *a* and *b* have no proper motions) from the mean motions of both stars of 61 Cygni, which M. Argelander had lately found by comparison of my determination (from Bradley's observations) for 1755, with his own for 1830. In the meantime, we cannot regard these variations of distance as the true variations; because the stars compared may have proper motions, and, also, because it is not known whether the mean of the motions of both stars of 61 Cygni appertains to its centre, and whether this (motion) is proportional to the time. In what follows, let us denote the true variations of the distances by $+4''.3915 + \alpha'$ and $-2''.825 + \beta'$, the mean distances for the beginning of 1835 by *a* and *b*; the time, reckoned from this beginning, by *t*; the difference of the constants of the annual parallax of 61 Cygni, and of the comparison-stars *a* and *b*, by α'' and β'' ; and, lastly, the coefficients of the parallax depending on the place of the earth by *a*. Then the expressions of the distances at the beginning of 1838 are

$$\text{For the star } a = a + t\alpha' + a''$$

$$\text{For the star } b = b + t\beta' + b''$$

These expressions, as they were at the time of each observation, I have written against the observations; we can, therefore, by inspection, perceive how the observations agree with the theory. [Here follow the two tables above mentioned.] If we compare both divisions of these tables, we shall perceive that the agreement of the observations with each other is considerably augmented by giving to α'' and β'' positive values; or, in other words, by admitting a sensible parallax. If we consider this parallax as vanishing, the sum of the squares of the remaining differences of the eighty-five observations of the star *a* can be diminished only to 4.4487; that of the ninety-eight observations of the star *b* to 4.7108. If, however, we determine α'' and β'' , so that the observations may be represented as exactly as possible, we can reduce these sums to 1.4448 and 2.4469. By this means we obtain the mean error of an observation of the star *a* $= \pm 0''.1327$, of the star *b* $= \pm 0''.1605$. That the observations of the second star are less accurate than those of the first, I consider to be owing to the difference of the directions of the two stars with respect to the direction of the double star. The way in which I conceive this difference to effect the result I shall here leave unexplained; but refer to the complete discussion, which I shall enter into at some future time, of the parallax of 61 Cygni. I have employed the preceding list of the observations of the distances of the star 61 Cygni from *a* and *b*, in two different ways, in order to deduce from it results from the annual parallax of *a* Cygni. I have first assumed α'' and β'' as independent of each other; or, in other words, considered it as not improbable that *a* and *b* themselves, may possess sensible parallax. In this way I have found,

For the Star *a*.

Mean distance for the beginning of 1838	Mean Error.
461'.6094	
Annual variation = $+4''.3915 - 0''.0543$	$+4''.3372 \pm 0''.0398$
Difference of annual parallax of 61 and <i>a</i>	$\alpha'' = +0''.3690 \pm 0''.0283$

For the Star *b*.

Mean distance for the beginning of 1838	Mean Error.
706'.2909	
Annual variation = $-2''.825 - 0''.2426$	$-2''.5824 \pm 0''.0434$
Difference of annual parallax of 61 and <i>b</i>	$\beta'' = +0''.2605 \pm 0''.0278$

The observations seem also to indicate, that the difference of the parallaxes of 61 and *b* is smaller than that of 61 and *a*; which must be the case, indeed, if *b* itself have a sensible parallax greater than *a*. The difference of the computed values of α'' and β'' , in

fact, exceeds the limits of the probable uncertainty of the observations; but it is to be observed that the probability of equal values of α'' and β'' is not so small that we should be inclined to consider the difference of the two as proved by the observations. Further observations will increase the weight of both results, and, at the same time, give more accurate values of the annual variations. I have, therefore, deduced a second result from the observations, which rests on the supposition that the parallaxes of *a* and *b* are insensible; or that α'' and β'' are equal. For this purpose, since both series must now be brought into connexion with one another, it was necessary to deduce the weight of the observations contained in the second series, the weight of those in the first series being taken as unit. I have found it $= 0''.6889$; and hence the most probable value of the annual parallax of 61 Cygni $= 0''.3136$. On this hypothesis, I find the mean distances of both stars for the beginning of 1838, to be 461'.6171 and 706'.2791; and the corrections of the assumed values of the annual variations, $= -0''.0203$ and $+0''.2395$. The mean error of an observation of the kind of which I have assumed the weight as unit, is $\pm 0''.1354$, and the mean error of the annual parallax of 61 Cygni, $\pm 0''.0202$. This hypothesis manifestly represents the observations somewhat less correctly than the first calculation which was instituted; but what we lose in this respect is not sufficient to outweigh the decided preference due to this last calculation. We can form a judgment upon this point by the following lists of errors of the observations, which contain their comparisons with two formulæ; namely, that of the first calculation and the present hypothesis. I have also added a third column, which contains the errors that arise when we assume the parallaxes α'' and β'' in the first formula as vanishing. This column also shows immediately what differences were still to be explained by the annual parallax. It shows, in fact, that these differences are commonly positive or negative, according as the co-efficient of the annual parallax, which the foregoing tables give, is positive or negative. [Here follow the two tables referred to.] As the mean error of the annual parallax of 61 Cygni ($= 0''.3136$) is only $\pm 0''.0202$, and consequently not $\frac{1}{15}$ of its value computed; and as these comparisons show that the progress of the influence of the parallax, which the observations indicate, follows the theory as nearly as can be expected considering its smallness, we can no longer doubt that this parallax is sensible. Assuming it 0''.3136, we find the distance of the star 61 Cygni from the sun 657700 mean distances of the earth from the sun: light employs 10.3 years to traverse this distance. As the annual proper motion of a Cygni amounts to 5".123 of a great circle, the relative motion of this star and the sun must be considerably more than sixteen semidiameters of the earth's orbit, and the star must have a constant aberration of more than 52". When we shall have succeeded in determining the elements of the motion of both the stars forming the double star, round their common centre of gravity, we shall be able also to determine the sum of their masses. I have attentively considered the preceding observations of the relative positions; but I consider them as yet very inadequate to afford the elements of the orbit. I consider them sufficient only to show that the annual angular motion is somewhere about $\frac{1}{2}$ of a degree; and that the distance, at the beginning of this century, had a minimum of about 15". We are enabled hence to conclude that the time of a revolution is more than 540 years, and that the semi-major axis of the orbit is seen under an angle of more than 15". If, however, we proceed from these numbers, which are merely limits, we find the sum of the masses of both stars less than half the sun's mass. But this point, which is deserving of attention, cannot be established until the observations shall be sufficient to determine the elements accurately. When long-continued observations of the places which the double star occupies amongst the small stars which surround it, shall have led to the knowledge of its centre of gravity, we shall be enabled to determine the two masses separately. But we cannot anticipate the time of these further researches. I have here troubled you with many particulars; but I trust it is not necessary to offer any excuse for this, since a correct opinion as to whether the investigation of the parallax of 61 Cygni

has already led to an approximate result, or must still be carried further before this can be affirmed of them, can only be formed from the knowledge of those particulars. Had I merely communicated to you the result, I could not have expected that you would attribute to it that certainty which, according to my own judgment, it possesses. F. W. BESSEL.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.—Nov. 16.—J. E. Gray, Esq. President in the chair.—Specimens of the fruit, bark, &c. of *Bertholletia excelsa*, were exhibited, presented by R. H. Schomburgk, Esq. Mr. Chatterley communicated a paper, 'On the importance of Botanical Statistics, illustrated by the order *Conifera*,' in which he entered into the consumption, importation, excise duty, &c. of the several species of this important family.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.	
MON.	Royal Academy (<i>Anatom. Lect.</i>)
	Geographical Society Nine, P.M.
TUES.	Zoological Society (<i>Sci. Business</i>) p. Eight.
	Medical and Chirurgical Society p. Eight.
WED.	Medico-Botanical Society Eight.
	Society of Arts p. Seven.
THUR.	Botanical Society (<i>Anniversary</i>) Eight.
	Society of Antiquaries Eight.
FRI.	Royal Society (<i>Anniversary</i>) One.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

DRURY LANE.
This Evening, the Ballet of THE SPIRIT OF AIR; after which CHARLEMAGNE, and other Entertainments.
On Monday, THE SPIRIT OF AIR; with THE WATER-MAN; and CHARLEMAGNE.
Tuesday, THE SPIRIT OF AIR; with LA SONNAMBULA; and CHARLEMAGNE.

COVENT GARDEN.
This Evening, THE TEMPEST; with THE AGREEABLE SURPRISE; and CHAOS IS COME AGAIN.
On Monday, OTHELLO; with CHAOS IS COME AGAIN; and THE OMNIBUS.
Tuesday, THE TEMPEST; with CHAOS IS COME AGAIN; and A ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER.
Wednesday, THE LADY OF LYONS; and CHAOS IS COME AGAIN.
Thursday, THE TEMPEST; with CHAOS IS COME AGAIN; and HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.
Friday, WERNER; and CHARLES THE SECOND.

'The Tempest' at Covent Garden being all the rage, a storm of wind has been got up at DRURY LANE, and the delicate Ariel of Miss P. Horton has found a rival in the 'Rude Boreas' of Mr. Wieland—though whistling is a sorry substitute for singing. 'The Spirit of Air' is as splendid in show and as barren of interest as ballets usually are; and only a few amusing incidents enliven the tedium of the pantomime: the dancing of Hermine Elser and Mr. Gilbert is more remarkable for vigour than grace; but the stage is well filled with coryphees, and a numerous corps de ballet covers individual deficiencies; Wieland, however, is the grand attraction—the 'North wind' clears the stage at a blow, and has it all to himself: he is clad in a winged suit of white frost, resplendent with icicles, and wears a pair of cheeks like cricket-balls, with a visible blast perpetually issuing from his mouth. He "swims, ducks, and dives in air," as if it were his native element, and flies so naturally that one forgets the string by which he dangles: he propels the car of the "spirit of the air" by filling her gauze scarf; scatters a party of merry-makers, blowing some of the dancers fairly off their legs; sets folks shivering by the fire-side; puffs away caps and wigs; and if he cannot "call spirits from the vasty deep," he draws down liquid "spirits" from the regions of air, of whose potency his irregular proceedings give evident proof—in short, he did his best to puff off the piece, which, though not so light as could be wished, is certainly not burdened with meaning. The music, by Mr. Eliason, is lively and appropriate; the scenery by the Grieves as beautiful as need be; and groups of spirits hang from the clouds like chandeliers in a ball-room.

A superannuated loyal melo-drama by Dimond, called 'The Royal Oak,' has been resuscitated at COVENT GARDEN; but what the audiences have done to deserve such an infliction we know not. We felt for the performers, though we had no sympathy for the characters they personated; and most of all we pitied Miss Rainforth, who is brought in to sing, 'Rest, warrior, rest!' when King Charles exchanges his perch on the oak for a more snug roost in her father's cottage, and 'Over the water to Charlie,' when he sails from England! A lively, rattling farce, with the peculiar title of 'Chaos is come again!' is a welcome addition to the scanty stock of light afterpieces

at this theatre: to attempt to describe it would be to imply that it did not justify its title.

Mr. Haynes Bayly has routed out another oddity for the **HAYMARKET**. Mr. Greenfinch, an old bachelor, who escapes the bait laid for him in a trap matrimonial, only to be caught by the limed twig of an artful housekeeper—a most lame and impotent conclusion. Strickland, as the old bird who is caught with chaff, is so amusing, that we feel for his cruel fate; and it spoils our mirth.

'Boz' is paying the penalty of popularity in having his stories not dramatized, but brought on the stage. 'Oliver Twist' is represented at the **SURREY**, and 'Nicholas Nickleby' at the **ADELPHI**, although the latter has not run half his career. The best that can be said of the Adelphi 'Nickleby' is, that the principal characters are well "cast," dressed, and personated: Mrs. Keeley as *Smike*, O. Smith as *Newman Noggs*, and Yates as *Mantlini*.

The new burletta at the **OLYMPIC**, 'The Court of Old Fritz,' appeared too late in the week for us to do more than briefly chronicle its success. Farren played the two characters of *Frederic the Great* and *Voltaire*, with the skill and finesse of a consummate artist: so distinctly and delicately marked are the two portraits, that an uninitiated person would not easily detect the same actor. The peremptory abruptness and acerbity of the martinet monarch, and the cool, quiet address, and *impayable* manner of the wit and philosopher, are well delineated. The acting is excellent throughout: but Mrs. Franks in particular, appeared to greater advantage than we have before seen her.

MISCELLANEA

Inhabitants of South America.—Man in South America has formed the special study of M. Alcide d'Orbigny, and he classifies him into three distinct races: 1st, the Ando-Peruvian, 2nd, the Pampean, 3rd, the Brazilio-Guaranian. The first is subdivided into three branches; the Peruvians, the Antisians, and the Araucanians, who have preserved their original character; being to this day warlike, reflective, proud, and cold. The Pampean race is divided by M. d'Orbigny into the Pampeans proper, the Chiquitean, and the Moxean; the first, including the Patagonians, with their broad, flat noses, and ferocious dispositions. Of the 3rd race there is but one branch, consisting of only two nations, the Guarani and Botocudo, each remarkable for their oblique eyes.

Balsams.—M. Fréney has been searching into the chemical properties of various balsams, especially that of Peru, which presents the greatest analogy to greasy substances; it contains a matter perfectly resembling oleine, and which saponifies with alkalis. Also a crystalline matter is deposited by it, which is transformed into cinnamate of potash and hydrogen gas, when heated with melted hydrate of potash. The liquid matter of the Peruvian balsam is that which is transformed into resin, and the crystalline gives cinnamic acid; neither this balsam, nor that of Tolu, afford benzoic acid, as hitherto supposed.

Ancient Sword.—A fisherman has found a two-handed sword in the sands of the Loire, where the old bridge of Orleans formerly stood, and near the former fort of Tournelles. It is five feet long, and probably one of those used at the siege of Orleans, in 1427.

Sea-cow.—An animal, which according to description must have been a sea-cow (*Trichechus Rosmarinus*), has been taken at Verdon, on the Pointe-de-Grave, when it was asleep, with its head in the water, and its body on the sand. It made great resistance when about to be captured.

Railway Facts.—Of 731 mail trains which have passed along the Grand Junction Railway in the months of August, September, October, and the early part of November, 621 have been within the time, 92 have been (taking the average of the whole) from ten minutes to a quarter of an hour beyond the time, nine have been more than half an hour, but less than an hour behind time, and five have been more than an hour behind.—Since the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, little more than eight years, five million of passengers have passed along the line; out of this immense number only two passengers have lost their lives by accident on the railway, arising from the sudden collision of some of the carriages.—*Liverpool Times.*

ADVERTISEMENTS

CROSBY HALL.

EDWARD TAYLOR, Esq. Professor of Music in Gresham College, having been offered to give a **Lecture** in Crosby Hall, on **THURSDAY EVENING**, the 17th instant, the Subscribers to the Restoration are respectfully informed that they may obtain cards of admission, by application to the Hon. Secs. on or before **Tuesday the 12th instant.**

REMOVAL.

SIR WILLIAM C. ELLIS, M.D., late resident Medical Superintendent of the Asylum at Hanwell, formerly at Wakefield, and Author of a Treatise on Insanity, has removed to Southall Park, Middlesex, nine miles from London, on the Uxbridge Road, recently the residence of Lord Montford, where he receives Private Patients.

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